Next Month

OWEN D. YOUNG
Jonathan Mitchell
The sixth in THE FORUM's series of "Presidential Possibilities" — a portrait of the man and an estimate of his chances for the Democratic nomination.

IN DEFENSE OF CAESAREANS
James Hitchcock, M.D.
A startling plea for the more frequent use of the Caesarean section in childbirth, on the ground that the medical profession has made a nightmare of it in the minds of the public without ever having given it a fair trial, and that it is not unduly dangerous.

A RADIO ANNOUNCER TELLS ALL
Anonymous
An intelligent announcer turns his "play by play account" upon the broadcasting studios themselves, with devastating results.

STABILIZING VALUES
Walter A. Terpenning
In this issue William C. Ewing has demonstrated the havoc that is caused by fluctuations in the gold standard and outlined the various means proposed to stabilize it. Mr. Terpenning suggests that we let the dollar fluctuate as it will and stabilize values instead. In this article he tells how it may be done.

MACHINE AGE HOUSES
Alexander Coburn Soper III
Why human beings cannot be expected to live in houses built as the "Modern" architects would have them. An answer to the proposals of Walter B. Pitkin in his article in this issue.

THE NEGRO FAD
Helene Magaret
Jazz and Harlem, spirituals and the old southern plantation have developed into two myths which are deluding the white man in his relations with the Negro. Miss Magaret maintains that we can never establish a satisfactory equilibrium between the races in this country until we learn to see the Negro as he really is, and not as a clown and an entertainer.

THE CRUISE OF THE CASH-A-LOT
Walter D. Edmonds
A hilarious tale of the Erie Canal and the posthumous adventures of a whale along its sluggish waters.

FORUM
and Century

HENRY GODDARD LEACH, *Editor*

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TOASTS

H. M. Tomlinson, one of the most distinguished of living English prose-writers, published his first book, *The Sea and the Jungle*, at the age of thirty-eight. This was followed by a succession of volumes in which he wrote of old London docks, of the sea, and of the myriad subjects which preoccupy an essayist. He did not try his hand at fiction until quite recently, when he published *Galleons Reach* and *All Our Yesterdays*. His latest book, which appeared this fall, is a brief study of *Norman Douglas*. Mr. Tomlinson was a newspaper correspondent in France from August 1914 until the end of the World War. "It is," he says, "an abiding memory. Everything I had ever thought about war was proved to be worse than right. I am in arms against a common state of mind which will, if not controlled, destroy all the good work of mankind. Make no mistake about it — even this economic and financial crisis is nothing but a phase of warfare, with indisputably evil consequences."

William March has also seen militarism at close quarters. He was in the Marine Corps during the war and "by right thinking and clean living rapidly became a sergeant." Mr. March was born in Mobile, Alabama, but of recent years has been in business in New York. Another of his war stories has been reprinted this year both in the *O. Henry Memorial Volume* and in Edward J. O'Brien's *Best Short Stories of 1931*.

Alva Johnston, one of the country's star reporters, is a member of the staff of the *New York Herald-Tribune*. He is widely known for his political portraits and profiles of famous people, which have appeared chiefly in *The New Yorker*, and also for a variety of articles on other topics which have been published in our leading magazines.

James Hitchcock received his A.B. degree from Dartmouth, his M.D. from Harvard, and was an interne at the Massachusetts General Hospital. For the past ten years he has been practicing medicine in Boston.

Walter B. Pitkin, Professor of Journalism at Columbia, is a frequent contributor to The Forum and the author of a long list of books of which the latest are *The Art of Learning* and *What People Think*.

Clare Leighton is an English artist whose wood-cuts have often been reproduced in The Forum. She is particularly well known in this country for her illustrated editions of such books as Hardy's *The Return of the Native*.

William C. Ewing is by profession a consultant in community organization, and by occupation Secretary of the New York Civic Club. His organization work, especially in the chamber of commerce and adult education fields, has been carried on in many parts of the country. At the time his article was written, he was organizing State Councils for the Stable Money Association.

Vita Lauter graduated last June from the University of Wisconsin, where her work was done in political science, and is now attending the School of Citizenship and Public Affairs at Syracuse University. Her article on radio censorship was originally written as a thesis for her A.B. degree. **Joseph H. Friend**, who collaborated with her on the final version of the article, and helped her in her research, also graduated last June from Wisconsin. He is now teaching English at Indiana University.

Charles Melish is a young New York business man part of whose work it is to do most of the drinking for his company. For this reason, perhaps, he prefers to write under a *nom de plume*. "I'll drink with the best of them," he writes, "but I can't stomach the argument that I am putting idle hands to work with every swallow."

Robert Littell was for a number of years on the staff of *The New Republic*, and later was dramatic critic of the *New York Evening Post* and of the *New York World*. He served in the war in various capacities, has been twice to Soviet Russia, and reads and speaks the language. His present article is the result of a trip through a number of Indian reservations last spring.

Lothrop Stoddard, a graduate of Harvard and a resident of Brookline, Massachusetts, has written a number of important books on European affairs. Perhaps his best known work is, however, *The Rising Tide of Color*.

Stanley Walker was born in Texas in 1898 and is, despite his youth, City Editor of the *New York Herald-Tribune*. "He is married, has one daughter, and lives at Great Neck, Long Island. He has taken no exercise in eight years and has not seen a motion picture in ten. He smokes an average of twelve cigars a day, and sometimes works day and night. His recreations are eating, drinking, sitting, and talking. He belongs to no clubs or any other organizations."

L. M. Graves, vice-president of the Brookmire Economic Service in New York City, is editor of several of the organization's publications covering the general range of current affairs in economics and finance. One should not suppose, however, that he is exclusively occupied with weighty economic research. As his article may indicate, he has a daughter

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

LIVING MY LIFE, by Emma Goldman; Knopf, $7.50.

IF LINCOLN STEFFENS' autobiography, which covered the period extending from 1892 to 1930, was a communiqué to posterity from the thick of the social battle as that battle must have appeared to the so-called average citizen with a conscience, then this autobiography of Emma Goldman is a sort of worm's eye view — with no disrespect intended — of the same bitter scene. It is a great document, and an appalling document, and it reveals a personality of an essentially "pure" nature. On one page, late in volume one, Miss Goldman defines anarchism in such a way as to make it seem the most intelligent and humane of creeds — until one bethinks oneself to remember that problems of organization, of means, of institutions for human concourse, are left in a delightfully vague region of the non-necessary. It is here that one is thrown, inevitably, back into the arms of either capitalism or Communism. But beyond questions of creed, of values, there is the intense human story of these two volumes. The shooting of Henry Clay Frick by Alexander Berkman, who was Miss Goldman's first real lover and mentor, is exciting — and (so it must seem to the unregenerate reviewer) no less, and no more, reprehensible, than violence practiced on miners in the coal fields of Pennsylvania, Colorado, and Harlan County, Kentucky, by the instruments of "law and order." And whatever violence there may be in the anarchist's creed, it would seem to be as sensible as General Harbord's recent proclamation that war has a mystic sanction that lies beyond the bourn of intelligence either to dignify or condemn. This is not to be interpreted as a justification by the reviewer for the rule of violence. The account of Miss Goldman's disillusion in Russia, told in volume two, is an indication of the purity of her doctrine: she is for the free individual, first, last, and always, and, as such, is lovable even where she is unintelligent — and frequently she seems so wrongheaded as to be laughable.

OUR LAWLESS POLICE, by Ernest Jerome Hopkins; Viking, $3.00.

THIS LUCID and disconcerting study of "the Unlawful Enforcement of the Law" should more properly be commented upon by the country's editorial writers than by the tribe of book reviewers. The facts which it reveals are of major importance and affect us all very nearly. Mr. Hopkins was commissioned by a branch of the Wickersham Committee to make a coast-to-coast survey of police lawlessness — the fruits of which are incorporated in his book. He investigated

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Books in Brief

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NEWTON D. BAKER: America at War, by Frederick Palmer; Dodd, Mead, $7.50.

DEMOCRACY, and especially that with a capital "D," needs a great deal of good luck. Its method of choosing legislators is deplorable, its standards for appointing executives are preposterous. The most that can be said for the system is that we have been incredibly lucky; probably never more so than in the appointment of Newton D. Baker as Secretary of War. Baker was called to a post which in normal years is of much less political importance than the office of the Postmaster General, at a moment so critical that in his first interview with the press he received rather than imparted news. That news, which was to set the tempo for his direction of the symphony of war, was, "Hell's broken loose in Mexico!" He entered office with far less technical equipment than any one of last June's law graduates would have for the Chief Justiceship, to assume the authority and responsibility for controlling the forces of a great nation at war. Those who were first thrown into contact with him early discovered and partially appreciated the qualities about which the American people are so belatedly becoming curious: the capacities for leadership, for judgment, for intelligent labor, the sureness of touch

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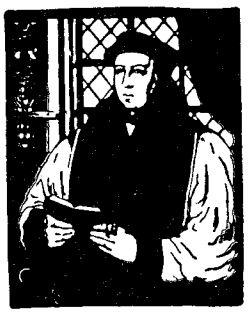

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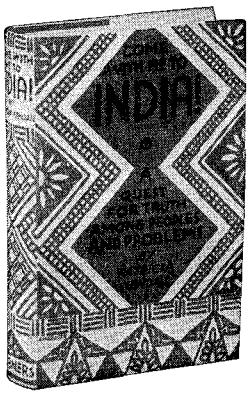

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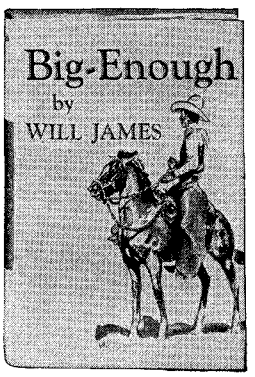

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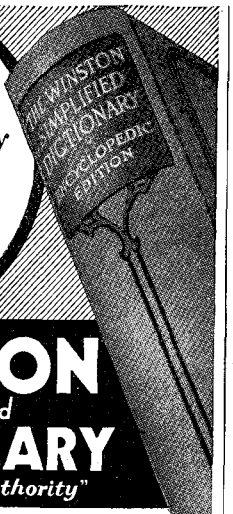

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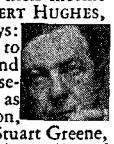

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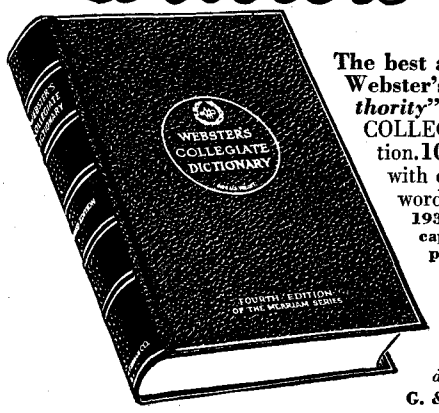

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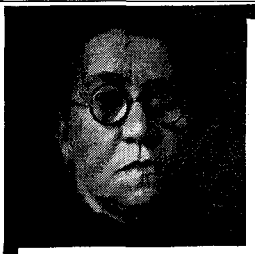

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Books in Brief

THE LADY WHO CAME TO STAY, by R. E. Spencer; Knopf, $2.50.

IN ADDITION to appropriating, with astonishing success, the manner of Henry James, R. E. Spencer accomplishes the incredible by making one believe in ghosts. He tells the story of an old, musty, forbidding house — the home of four aging spinsters — in which eventually the dead come to wrangle for dominance over the souls of the living. Subtly, exquisitely, and very skilfully Mr. Spencer builds up an atmosphere of psychological terror by which one is completely persuaded. One accepts the book on its own curious and baffling terms. Although it is, perhaps, distantly related to *The Turn of the Screw,* this first novel can lay fair claim to being considered unique. At any rate it is a remarkable piece of work in the macabre tradition.

THUNDER BELOW, by Thomas Rourke; Farrar & Rinehart, $2.50.

THIS IS the story of a woman living in a community of American engineers in Central America. Susan, married to the blind boss of the outfit, and Ken, his trusted assistant, are torn between love and a sense of loyalty and fairness — a situation which is aggravated by the husband's faith in Ken and his instinctive jealousy of all other men. Rourke has made the characters in his story credible and strongly individual, at the same time giving a sense of life going on about them. Restraint is the most obvious characteristic of his writing; in this, as in his style, he resembles Hemingway, as most of the critics have probably remarked by this time. It is not fair, however, to call him an imitator. *Thunder Below* can stand on its own feet, without any mention of the fact that it happens to be a first novel or any evasive reference to the author's "promise." Whether he produces anything more or not, this book is good.

RED-HEADED WOMAN, by Katharine Brush; Farrar & Rinehart, $2.00.

METALLIC, hard-boiled, clever, this book differs in quality but not in kind from the typical best-seller. Miss Brush has done a slickly expert job with Lil Andrews, a callous little hussy who lures her boss away from his wife, marries him, and then finds that she is rejected by small town society. What, however, does that matter to Lil when New York is so agreeably furnished with orchids, penthouses, and millionaires? In spite of its admirable grasp of realistic detail, this novel, though more finished, is neither as poignant nor as penetrating as "Young Man of Manhattan." Miss Brush stands on the outside looking in. She knows how

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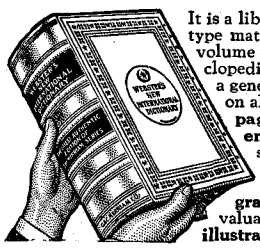

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Books in Brief

to tell an absorbing tale, but she never gets below the surfaces of her characters and their behavior.

AMERICA HISPANA, by Waldo Frank; Scribner's, $3.50.

THIS BOOK is a somewhat disconnected series of personal impressions and speculations, given with a completely authoritative air. It assumes a knowledge of the historical background and physical characteristics of South and Central America, or "America Hispana," which the ordinary reader does not possess. Consequently Mr. Frank's flights of poetic fancy fall into a somewhat meaningless jumble of history, literature, geography, and prophecy. Had the vast amount of material which he undoubtedly possesses been better organized, his impressionistic sketches might give the reader a clearer idea of what America below the equator is like — or at least what Mr. Frank likes to think it is like.

TWO PEOPLE, by A. A. Milne; Dutton, $2.50.

MR. MILNE might have given his first novel an alternative title, such as: *They Lived Happily Ever After;* for Reginald and Sylvia Wellard are just about the most devoted and divinely happy young married couple that has appeared between book-covers since the Brothers Grimm wrote fairy tales. Theirs is a happiness that endures in spite of *Bindweed*, Reginald's slightly naughty but amusing novel about his neighbors, which becomes a best-seller, and flatters his vanity. Fond as he is of Westaways, their charming country place, Reginald's vanity impels him to leave it and spend the winter in London with his beloved Sylvia, supervising *Bindweed*'s adaptation to the stage. Of course they never should have gone; misunderstandings, which seem to breed thick and fast in the city, begin to blow their horrid breaths across the unruffled stream of their domestic felicity, and for a time it looks as if Reginald and Sylvia are going to be unhappy. But the usual blissful calm is restored when they return home in the spring and are greeted by Grandmamma, Marmalade, and John Wesley — three cats, who are by far the wisest and most amusing characters in the book.

AMERICA WEIGHS HER GOLD, by James Harvey Rogers; Yale University Press, $2.50.

THIS BOOK is recommended to those who wish to orientate themselves in the problems raised by the monetary articles now appearing in THE FORUM. This Yale professor is too wise to profess

STATEMENT

Of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, etc., Required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of

THE FORUM
and Century

Published Monthly at Concord, N. H., for October 1, 1931

STATE OF NEW YORK
COUNTY OF NEW YORK } SS.

Before me, a *Notary Public*, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared GEORGE F. HAVELL, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the *Business Manager* of THE FORUM and CENTURY and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: *Publisher*, FORUM PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC., 441 Lexington Avenue, New York, N Y.; *Editor*, HENRY GODDARD LEACH, 441 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.; *Managing Editor*, None; *Business Manager*, GEORGE F. HAVELL, 441 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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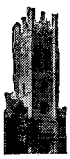

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Books in Brief

that he understands these problems. He does, however, avoid turgidity and discusses the gold question in a narrative about as transparent as that employed by Professor Einstein in his own delightful primer on relativity.

THE BEST SHORT STORIES OF 1931, edited by Edward J. O'Brien; Dodd, Mead, $2.50.

THE BEST BRITISH SHORT STORIES OF 1931, edited by Edward J. O'Brien; Dodd, Mead, $2.50.

BOTH OF THESE collections, which make their annual appearance as regularly as the ground hog, are above average this year. Mr. O'Brien has made more concessions than usual to the unregenerate desires of those who like just a little plot in their stories — with the result that there are fewer specimens of experimental writing which properly belong in a writer's notebook. The most powerful individual stories — those by William Faulkner, Morley Callaghan, Alvah C. Bessie, William March, Dorothy Parker, and Lowry Charles Wimberly — are in the American volume, but the British collection maintains, perhaps, a better average. Both books, however, are extremely readable — which is more than they have always been in the past — and both give one considerable grounds for optimism about the future of the unmechanized short story.

FINCH'S FORTUNE, by Mazo de la Roche; Little, Brown, $2.50.

THIS, THE third volume concerning the Whiteoaks of Jalna is somehow more pallid than its predecessors — partly because one sadly misses the fierce, eccentric old grandmother who, in the earlier books, was the center of the family life. The scenes at Jalna, when the whole turbulent, quarrelsome crew is united, are, as usual, excellent, but the novel slows up and deteriorates perceptibly when it confines itself to following the fortunes of young Finch in England. Finch, the inheritor at twenty-one of his grandmother's money, is not sufficiently colorful in himself to carry the book. Nevertheless there is enough of the old atmosphere to make this sequel indispensable to those who have followed the previous chronicles of Jalna.

THE SONS OF MRS. AAB, by Sarah Gertrude Millin; Liveright, $2.50.

ONE WONDERS if this prolific South African woman who dedicates her last book to Theodore Dreiser does not on occasion write better than even our master of realism. There seems to be no life too drab and too futile for Mrs. Millin's caustic characterization to etch into an absorbing human document.

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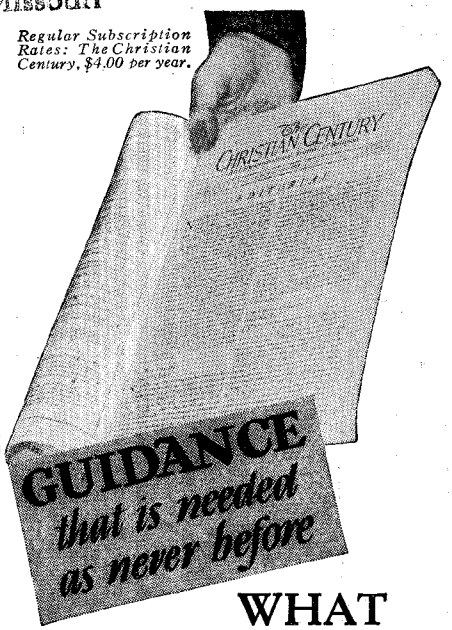

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Books in Brief

This is a story of diamond diggers where the pickings are too meager to sustain the community in decency. It is also, like Mrs. Millin's other books, a chronicle of that race problem in South Africa which makes our own color problem, by comparison, seem a bed of roses.

FOUR FRIGHTENED PEOPLE, by E. Arnot Robertson; Doubleday, Doran, $2.50.

IN MISS Robertson's *Three Came Unarmed* a sister and two brothers who grew up in a tropic wilderness are transplanted to England. The shift from semi-savagery to an unsatisfactory civilization is fatal to all three. In this latest novel we are given the reverse of the medal: a group of extremely modern young intellectuals leave a plague-ridden ship and undertake a perilous journey through a Malay jungle. Their lot is hard, but on the whole it is happier than that of the uprooted young English savages. As the dedication indicates, Miss Robertson has here taken the stuff of romance; and yet she has achieved something which, whether better or worse, is certainly far from romantic. Her three frightened people (in the beginning there are four, but one is discarded) are complex, cerebral: they rationalize everything but passion — and when it comes they seize it with an animal simplicity. Lovers of straightforward adventure yarns will probably not care for *Four Frightened People*, but it will find its own audience among those who admire Miss Robertson's unblushing candor of mind, her tight, more-than-competent prose, and the brittle wit which gives salt to every page she writes.

LESBY, by Elizabeth Willis; Scribner, $2.00.

ANYONE who reads this short novel in the hope of discovering another *Ethan Frome*, to which it is compared by the writer of the jacket blurb, is going to be disappointed; brevity and a rural scene are about all the two have in common. Taken by and for itself, however, *Lesby* is a competently told tale of a strong-minded, earthy woman who dominates her younger sister's life and, quite unconsciously, causes her death. Lesby's vitality immediately attracts Stephen, the man whom Anne loves from first sight. Once engaged, Stephen realizes, and realizes so suddenly that the reader is a little mystified as to his reason, that he has made a mistake; that instead of the primitive Lesby he should have chosen the weaker Anne. The story is adroitly told and, for the most part, interesting. To one who knows nothing about it the dialect occasionally seems closer to Brooklyn than a Canadian province, but otherwise the atmosphere is well-handled.

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Books in Brief

JOHN HENRY, by Roark Bradford; Harper, $2.00.

IN HIS new book, Roark Bradford departs from the religious fable to tell the story of John Henry, Mississippi roustabout, and hero of tall tales — a sort of Paul Bunyan of the levee. When John Henry was born he weighed forty-four pounds and held a cotton hook in his hand. And from then on his life was not as other men's. He traveled up and down the river, rousting and railroading, and no one could compare with John Henry in feats of strength; for he was a man, and six foot tall, and he came from the Black River Country where the sun don't never shine. All would have gone well with John Henry if it hadn't been for the women. They all loved him and they wouldn't leave him alone, but he cared only for his little Julie Anne in N' Awlins, who wasn't so pretty and who did him wrong whenever he went away. A girl named Delia tried to win his love, and a girl named Ruby did his cooking for a while, and Poor Selma, who was like the cocaine habit, bad but she couldn't quit, tried to hold him; but he never cared for Delia, and he went away from Ruby, and he quit poor Selma's house like he was quitting work. And all for his no-account Julie Anne who loved him so good when she didn't forget. The book tells how John Henry lived and died with his hook in his hand, and how Julie Anne was faithful in the end, so they were buried side by side and the preacher, Hell-buster Harry, preached his greatest oration. The whole thing is written in the rhythms and words of a Negro blues song, and the story is interspersed with songs which the characters sing to each other. The motion of the entire book is so fluent that one does not feel any incongruity in having so much of the story sung. As usual, Bradford's transcription of the dialect is a thing of real beauty.

SUSAN SPRAY, by Sheila Kaye-Smith; Harper, $2.50.

SOMETHING went amiss here. The right author, Miss Kaye-Smith, treats the right subject, a woman evangelist of nineteenth-century Sussex — but the resulting novel is uneven, too long, and in places even dull. The portrait of Susan Spray, who spread the gospel of the Colgate sect throughout the land, is excellent, but it does not sustain the book. Working on more promising material than she had in *Shepherds in Sackcloth*, she has somehow turned out a novel which is not half so vivid. It is a pity that she should be introduced to the largest circle of readers which she has perhaps ever enjoyed (the book is a selection of one of the book clubs) through this novel.

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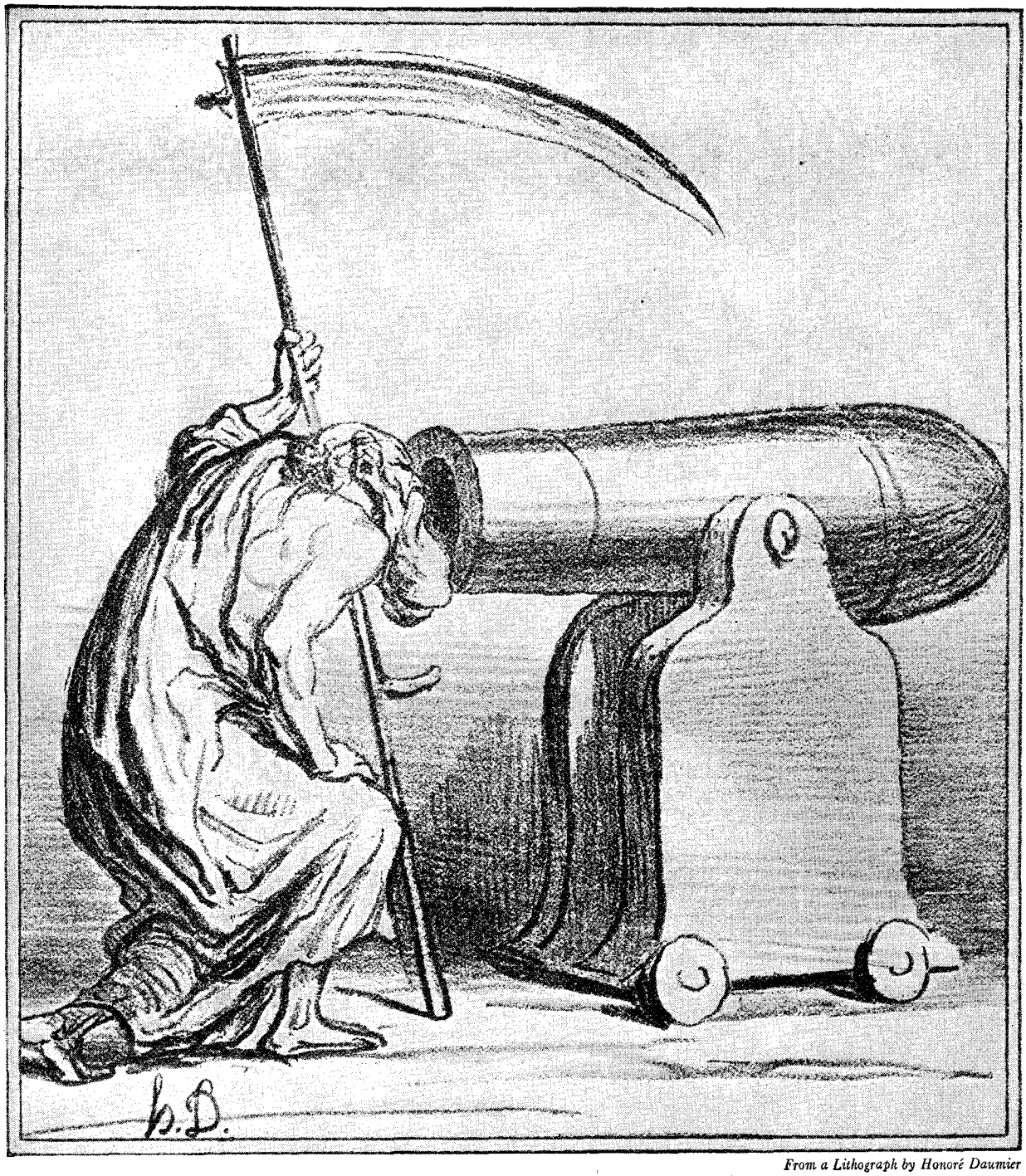

From a Lithograph by Honoré Daumier

WHEN WILL IT GO OFF AGAIN?

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F O R U M

DECEMBER, 1931 VOL. LXXXVI, NO. 6

THE EDITOR'S FOREWORD

WHAT will history record as the first step out of the business depression? In 1921, according to some of our most careful statisticians, the trail up was blazed by building construction. In the seventies, the nineties, and in 1907, building revival was one of the early indices of returning prosperity. Certain prophets who scan the present murky horizon for new objects of desire to attract the ultimate consumer, predict another renaissance of "Home, Sweet Home." The general urge to own a home, they maintain, will wipe out our city slums and beautify our country landscapes with model dwellings. These homes of the future will bring the comforts of the household up to par with the technological development of our factories, our autos, our aeroplanes. The model home, according to this school of prophets, will succeed the automobile as the vehicle of our next wave of prosperity.

Particularly significant, therefore, is the national Conference on Home Building and Home Ownership that President Hoover has called to meet in Washington on December second. This Conference may prove to be another turning point in our social and economic history. "There is no doubt," said the President in calling the Conference, "we shall make new inventions and new needs, but the greatest present field for the absorption of our surplus national energy lies in better housing."

Numerous Committees will report to this Conference the findings of architects, construction bosses, and social workers. The chief obstacles, however, that the Conference must overcome in recommending a national program of home ownership are not architectural but financial. Labor has set up impediments in the building trades that are little short of ironical. Capital requires a mediæval structure of security that renders it difficult for young married people to apply the amounts that they are paying in rent toward setting up an equity which, with a first mortgage, will make them owners of their home. Usurious second mortgages should be reformed or outlawed. Government also stands in the way; for the different states have conflicting laws regarding mortgages that prevent nation-wide operations of housing corporations. In Illinois to foreclose a mortgage often requires two years.

"The finance of home buildings," said President Hoover, "is the most backward segment of our whole credit system. It is easier to borrow eighty-five per cent on an automobile and repay it on the instalment plan than to buy a house on that basis — and generally the house requires a higher interest rate. The whole process of purchase and finance involves a ceremony like a treaty between governments."

ALL POWER to the President's Conference on Homes! May it not adjourn on December fifth without practical recommendations for financing a vigorous revival of home life in America! It would be good for our national nerves were excited, nomadic America to sit down for a decade or two and let Progress be brought to the home by natural gas conduits and transmission wires, by air mail and television, instead of forever chasing after Happiness in flivvers.

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That Next War

by **H. M. TOMLINSON**

I

FOLLY, the cynics are sure, is the peculiar attribute of mankind, and is as perennial and hardy as selfishness and thistles. Only when the last of us departs will folly vanish from among the wonders of creation. Because its evergreen nature is a direct issue of reason, folly can be always justified somewhere by some people; it is watered by a divine fount. None of us doubts that he can distinguish readily between good and evil; but since what is good is often what one may reasonably argue is what suits one at the moment, while our neighbors can have and usually do have another opinion about it, good and evil are at an eternal game of musical chairs; what is evil to-day is good to-morrow, and what is true now was a lie last week.

It disturbs us to hear this, and that is a sign of grace. Not only does it mock God, or transcendent morality — and we always feel happier because there is less responsibility under a higher authority which is immutable and infallible — but it certainly assumes that we are drifting as motes in a blind tide, our course set for nowhere, and that our varied industry with our ingenious inventions towards a mighty and invincible State is but a solacing illusion, and means no more than the confidence the dinosaurs probably felt in their weight. Considerable courage and eloquence, too, are needed to resist this mockery.

Consider merely, for instance, the usual books of history, even those designed for use in schools. Their compilers are moved by the glory of their country to celebrate national virtues and achievements, and when doing this it is difficult to avoid confirming the worst cynics may say of us with facts that are not only unquestionable but are thought to be admirable by many virtuous citizens. Therefore we dare not question them. We should be unpatriotic if we did. Yet there they are. Evidently, then, a nation may act, to its everlasting honor, in a way which in a person would get him gaoled, if caught. What would be disgraceful in a man may be glorious when spread over a large number of people. Whatever the noble qualities of all perished heroes who in battle made their names deathless, not a war in history, however inevitable it may have been, but arose from a cause that goes still further to prove mob emotion to be no more worthy of praise or blame than the way of the wind. When viewed in the cool light of after years, these causes warn us that nations may move, for reasons seeming good, or to their advantage (and the confusion of good and advantage is easy) to do things which have consequences as bad as plague, famine, or earthquake. Nations move as herds to suggestions, felt so strongly that the moral nature of these impulses is never questioned, to acts of sustained ferocity impossible in tigers, and to disastrous results undesigned, unexpected, and irreparable, yet inherent in the magnificent blare of the trumpets calling to arms and the first exhilarating uplifting of the banners.

Any European who was adult in August, 1914, and did not entirely lose his head, and was not completely unaware of the causes which made inevitable the loosening of that doom over the civil communities of the world, to-day would have reason to confess, while looking round him from China to Peru, that man is unteachable. He is the most unpredictable and dangerous animal which has ever developed on earth. No calamity, brought about by his own prejudices and acts, seems ever grave enough to warn him that home and work are better worth having than a little adventurous gamble with knives and explosives on a battlefield; he wipes off the blood, surprised to find that he has survived his own

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lethal devices; yet presently, tired of humdrum wife and cabbages, glances round again to see if there is a chance of more trouble. Of course, he finds just warrant for expecting trouble. That is easy. It need only be looked for in any after-dinner speech by a retired admiral or brigadier. He learns from their sapient and heart-felt words that without the maintenance of that measure of security which not long before was almost the death of him, and was certainly the cause of his present poverty and taxation, he would not be safe. He therefore looks to his guns. That measure of precaution alarms his neighbors, who look to theirs. And there we are again. If we could read the story of our own country with the impartiality we give to our reading of the history of the Toltecs, then it would be with a pessimism deepening to a degree of horror. It is commonly agreed that man's dominance of this planet — what is called his conquest of nature — is a sign of divine favor; the planet has been given to him. But it is as evident that man has contrived control of inordinate powers without, as yet, more than the ghost of a notion of their wise use. He is not good enough for them yet. He has built up an elaborate civilization which his primitive code of social morality, only just out of the caves, can no more rightly order than could the innocence of an infant Christian soften the nature of a battle fleet. This means that his wonderful castle is still only in the air; he has created a complex civilization but has not yet established it; there is no security under it that may not be withdrawn any day through an act of high-minded folly meant merely to strengthen it.

II

An educated European, in the midst of the general uproar and confusion in international politics, economics, and finance, is apt to wonder what lesson, if any, America learned from her part in the war. He should not be blamed for being a bit anxious. He does not know what she learned, and cannot discover; but he is perfectly well aware that one result of the war was the shifting of the center of gravity of the globe from east to west. It is therefore important that he should be informed about it. However he may talk, to keep himself in heart, he clearly sees the United States as the earth's greatest show of material power under one flag; and, knowing now that victory in war is synonymous with ruin, and that glory is only a common frustration of every effort towards civility, he dreads that the new vast power in the west may gather some day into an overwhelming mass at the call of a noble and inspiriting word, to another blessed crusade to compel righteousness among reluctant and alien men. For such a European, pained by many of war's recently surprising lessons, is aware now that, however peaceful an industrial nation may be, compact of God-fearing and home-loving folk, if it is rich in resources and has a gift for managing an expanding factory system, with an energetic population sure to be obedient to a righteous call to its best instincts, then its lack of arms and war-like spirit mean very little; Mars could grow to a terrific size there in a few nights. So he pays an attention to America and its tendencies which, to some Americans, must be distinctly flattering; we know it is as flattering to be feared as it is to be loved. What, he wonders with some anxiety, did America learn in the war?

I do not know. It is possible that America, having come into the war, came in too late to experience more than the first exhilaration of adventure, quickly followed as it was by victory. The British Tommy who had survived the Somme, and the French poilu who had got through all that happened at Verdun, probably were veterans when those battles began. Certainly for them the first excitements and mirages of the war atmosphere had long vanished. They looked, therefore, with dull and cynical eyes on the American youth on his cheery way to Chateau Thierry, while deeply thankful that he was there. Those two men were in a different world, though in the same war. There could be no communication. Precious little they could tell the American could do him any good; and he would not want to hear it. Why should he? He could see these two Europeans preferred sleep to any other fun, and despised them for it. What was the matter with them? All he saw in them was a better technique for keeping themselves alive than he had. They smiled at each other when he had passed; and he was lustily contemptuous.

I remember that on my first visit to the States after the war I was attracted to a village

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war memorial. It is a morbid habit of mine to pause before war memorials. This tribute in an American village to its heroes shocked me, for the list of names was lengthy. Then I noticed that the list was of the local men who had joined up; in a European village that would have been a list of the dead. A European cannot help thinking about such a fact as that. One important lesson for us in any war is the slow and painful percolation of the truth that a large number of people had no chance of a lesson, and so remain in the days before the calamity. They are separate. Yet they are free to have strong opinions about the war they never knew. Let it be whispered, too, that not a few soldiers entitled to honorable decorations were hardly better placed to learn what it was to live in filth under unrelenting explosions than the gentle ladies at home knitting woollens for heroes; yet a khaki uniform has the same meaning and authority for all civilians, unfortunately. I don't suppose there is an intelligent American survivor of Chateau Thierry or the Argonne battles who did not sadly realize long ago that he would have to keep his strange knowledge to himself; is it any good talking to people who neither know your language nor what you are talking about? Even in England the old soldier is hardly better placed, for the infants who were held aloft to see him march off are now getting married. Any good talking to them? No man who experienced the Somme battles and the Ypres Salient but knows he might as well talk to his dog; in fact, his dog may be the only one now who hears anything about it.

On the face of it, then, it appears that the lesson of war is that no lesson is learned from it. Let us, in a moment of despair, admit so much. Even then it would be right for people of good will to continue as though a lesson could be learned. If we are fatalists, let it be no further than the acknowledgment that men and fate are largely the same. As we are, so is our luck. That simple faith, which is no more than the conviction that they who bear a lamp must keep it alight, is, I suppose, what has supported all the good people who ever desired their neighbors to save themselves from ill; they point it out, hoping the reality of the ugly thing may be seen in time.

But if there is failure to see it, in our own day, then there will be more days. It took some time, and any number of cranks, inveterate nuisances, and teachers, most of them nameless, but a few famous, to cover the distance between flint implements and the Kellogg pact. We are too prone to use our threescore and ten as the measure. It would be well to remember now and then that odd character in a well-known novel who went out to sow corn on his enemy's land, "that God might be born." A cynic might remark, with truth, that most likely such a crazy loon would get shot by his enemy for trespass while sowing tares. Tares would be a natural and instantaneous assumption by the alarmed enemy; he would jump to that conclusion, as would most of us, and shoot. Few of us expect good to be born on our land, of a doubtful neighbor's effort.

Yet it often is, despite the cynics. Out of that miracle, all unprofitable to the sowers, has come most of the real treasure of mankind. Perhaps there is not a precious thing men possess, in common, something beautiful that justifies human endeavor, from the *Iliad* to the cathedrals, but came as come the flowers, without our deserts. What self-seeking impulse was it drove some students to lose their health and wealth, and even their lives, while trying to save their fellows from yellow fever and such ills?

It is not easy to distract men from their personal interests, preoccupations, and lifelong prejudices, to better ways of thought and life, because deep ruts of old paths can be followed with the eyes shut; yet it is certain that fear of witchcraft, and other ancient fears out of ignorance, out of the dark of the mind, gradually disperse. And war itself is merely the consequence of fear, as are many other ills. All the splendid ceremonial of war, the colors, drums and trumpets, the plumes and emblems, the shining metal, and the sonorous sounds, are only pitiful evidence of fear. The glitter and parade and the traditional music lift our spirits, and we lose our dread of a conjectured threat in an emotion shared with a multitude.

Yet, I believe, more and more of us are becoming able to watch and listen to a magnificent parade of arms with something of detachment. We are not so glad as we were of the signs of power which mean that our imperial possessions are safe. The desire to

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possess, and to dominate other peoples, weakens. It is not so much that we know the dreadful implications of such brave shows of martial power, as would a survivor of Chateau Thierry, but our timidity before the unseen is less acute; we do not feel so insecure; we are not worrying as much as before about nameless enemies because our ignorance of the rest of the world diminishes. Therefore the mounted colonel in his plumes leading his regiment no longer thrills us quite as he did. The inspection of a great battleship no longer simply awes us; we are beginning to question the worth of that great brute. Light certainly grows, if slowly. What is more, modern inventions warn us that armies and fleets no longer can protect us; the approach of a foe now can be more insidious, may corrupt us even through our banking institutions, for national boundaries to-day are little better than marks on maps, and are unnoted by airmen, electrical devices, and the economic consequences of stupidity. We are beginning to see all that, and are the less encouraged, therefore, by the number of our great guns. Then why buy more of them? We are all, though tentatively, asking that question.

III

Such feelings, intuitions, and surmises — one would hardly put it higher than that — are becoming general in Europe. Europe is manifestly dissatisfied with the exclusive national views which were proper to most Europeans in 1913. We are seeking for what may serve as bonds in a common cause, instead of proudly improving exclusive *chevaux de frise*. The League of Nations — that novelty which one should never mention except apologetically for its imperfections — is the beginning of the compulsion of reason instead of arms in international affairs; a clear gain. Wherever in Europe fear is national, and remains deep and resistent, there still of course it is more difficult to persuade away an old dependence on guns, for the memory of many invasions is bitter and tough; yet even in such countries the obstinate reluctance to put arsenals on short time is due to the mere fact that men with bitter memories are doubtful of trusting a defense that is novel, though they see it to be there. Would it work? Dare they trust the intentions of their neighbors, and feel safe in a pledge? They wish they could; but the new and better idea, which is working in men's minds, has the residue of centuries of dread to lighten. It is only a new idea, if better. We are conservative on instinct.

We are often told, usually in despair, occasionally with malicious glee, that youth would march to destruction again, when the bugles call. I dare say youth would. Anything for a change, never mind the cost! But youth did not make the last war, though it was the fighting force, nor will it make the next. Youth is vivacious, and not easily attached to peaceful routine. It thinks it is immortal, and enjoys taking risks; so when its elders tell it that war has come, that the moral safeguards are down, and that it may indulge its primitive instincts, hitherto inhibited by the priest and schoolmaster, in an orgy blessed by the church and applauded by fine ladies, youth gladly supposes that it is all right. In Europe, in the last war, that generation did not return. It was not long, in France and elsewhere, before it learned what its elders had let it in for, but then there was no escape; and it did not come back to tell. Its younger brothers now are apt to think they missed something big and good, and there are few men to picture for them exactly the nature of this "big thing" they missed. Still, the next war cannot come of their lively ignorance. It will come, should it come at all, as the decision of precisely the kind of statesmen who engendered and then let loose the last war. And those men would never dare to make another war unless they were sure they could bewitch the minds of the majority of their peoples with the enchanting words which worked so well last time.

Would those words enchant again? I think not. I believe their magic has almost gone. Another call to arms, it is clear enough, would have a doubtful response. Russia has pollinated the whole world with a few notions which appear to be amazingly fertile. Another call to arms might have, in the long run, the most remarkable consequences, even in England. That is a fear which is now uppermost among the leading people in Europe who might not lose much in a successful war — might even gain much; but could any future war be successful? They have very good reason to doubt it; and they know well enough that the outcome of a war which is not obviously

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successful is that a country goes suddenly upside down.

For in Europe the publication has been enormous and general of official evidence and confessions of the gross stupidities and even the malevolent designs of statesmen and officials which did so much to bring the last war about, and of the inadequate intelligence and knowledge which everywhere directed that war — quite often the diarists, biographers, and historians unconsciously convict themselves. That has had its effect. Knowledge of the petty and miserable causes of so great a disaster has sunk into the minds of the masses. Established authority no longer gets its ancient due. Derision and not respect may now greet the great statesman and the great soldier. The pantheon is rather cobwebby and neglected. Heroes and great statesmen, after our dire experiences, seem smaller than before and a trifle shabby. Even traditional institutions, such as Parliament and its members, and the Church and its hierarchy, no longer command heads universally bowed in acceptance and respect. The truth is that in every European country there has been a revolution. Old loyalties have either gone or totter. Another adverse touch or two and the few remaining historic spires and pinnacles might join Babylon, or Moscow. Indeed, there is a new fear in Europe, a fear of war, even among those who once upon a time could consider war as a means to enhance their power. They see to-day that in another general uproar they would lose all the control they possess; dodos and mastodons, they would enter oblivion. Though when American observers look east they may not observe it, because of distance or dust, yet in Europe there is renaissance; religion, art, politics, and industry are being transfigured through a resurgence of man's exploring spirit.

IV

WILL GOOD come of it? Probably not what could be called good, but a name infernally different, by people who want the wheels of the Age of Machines to turn to their liking. A new tyranny may come out of it, and a new slavedom. The experiments by the new spirit working in Italy and Russia are fairly somber admonitions of this. Even in England it looks as if Demos has more respect for the signs of mechanical power than it has for the old stones of Westminster Abbey. Yet all that may be only the outcome of blind exuberance in the first efforts at recreation. We are free to hope so; but in any case nothing can be done about it. Under it all, however, is a growing apprehension that the earth is a sphere, and not an irregular lump with discrete national sections. What injures Berlin must, presently, affect the homes in Paris and London. Cities may no longer be isolated and battlemented. That is beginning to be understood in Europe. The arteries of human life net the world, and for an injury at any place the body must suffer. In the light of that knowledge the thought of war at last has the effect of alarming men, as once the news of cholera in Europe alarmed, when it was known that, from being as remote as India, it had reached Russia. For such reasons even the statesmen of Europe are anxious so to adjust their differences that a settlement by arms may cease to be an immediate possibility, out of a craven dread that the muffled doors of foreign diplomatists hold secrets of grave danger. The doors no longer are so closely muffled.

In Europe there are increasing publics which anxiously and narrowly watch their governments in this matter or armaments. They desire the use of common sense instead of guns — and they more than suspect, they have reason to know, that the more powerfully a nation is armed the more reason it has to doubt the designs of enemies. Arms do not give security; they are evidently the cause of insecurity, for they increase the fears of neighboring folk. The fervid resolution of increasing numbers of citizens that their governments should prepare for peace, and not for war, is a new mind in Europe. Before 1914 we were all fatalists about armies and fleets, which increased each year as normally as population. Any attempt at control would have been idealistic or fantastic, and was not made. It cannot be doubted that the mass of literature out of the great war has helped to fix this new determination. Whatever young people may desire of the excitements of aerial combat, as they see those joys at the picture palaces, and in spite of the inappropriate stories of war which some magazine proprietors consider to be the kind of stuff the feeble-minded will pay for, there is a solid body of opinion in Europe which resists the

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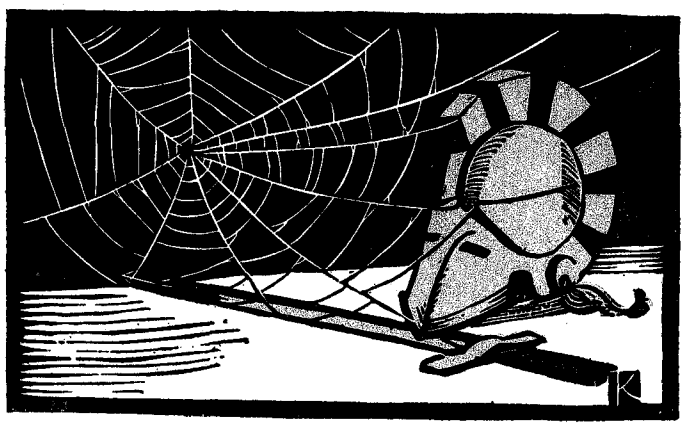
idea of combat, and of all preparations for it, and it has been established on a genuine knowledge of that last catastrophe, with its obscene outrages on intelligence and civility. Moreover, it is desperately aware of the causes for war embodied in the peace treaties which concluded the last war. It is the more nervous because of the very peace settlements.

That is to say that the causes for war in Europe are no less potent to-day than in 1914. What has changed is the opinion of an influential body of Europeans about war. After all, it is public opinion which makes war possible. No statesmen would dare to issue an ultimatum to another nation unless assured that its men would march forthwith, without a pause to ask an awkward question. First and last, it is in the schools, homes, and newspaper offices that wars are made. There the enemy is discovered, and every reason formed for challenging him. When a crisis does arise, the chiefs of state have only to fire and direct the existing pent emotion of their people. I do not believe there was in 1914 any public in Europe which desired war. The body of folk everywhere was peace-loving, but was inarticulate, helpless, had accepted war as inevitable, and when the declaration came, and its men began to march, took all as they would inclement weather. At school, in the popular histories, through common gossip prompted by the well-chosen topics in the newspaper press, and at last by propaganda which increased rapidly in mass and impetus through nervous rumors and myths eloquently pleaded as signs of the times by public men of probity, and by men not so honest, the inevitability of the war was assured; yet it would not have been inevitable if Tom, Dick, and Harry had known something better than what they heard from so many quarters. Well, to-day they know, or they half-know; be the causes for war what they may, it would now be both difficult to make it, and highly dangerous when it was made for whoever began it. The guns, so to speak, might blow out their breech-blocks; and the really important people always stand behind the guns.

And let us not forget, as we so often do, that most significant international document in history, the Kellogg Pact. The implications of that document, which outlaws war, are so new and profound that statesmen even in the country of its origin are but dimly aware of them. By that international agreement the problem of freedom of the seas is solved. It need no longer be discussed. There can be no neutrals, when the maker of war is an outlaw; there can be but the rest of the world against any nation guilty of anarchy. Russia has reason to declare the cant and humbug of statesmen who would quibble over the technicalities of tonnage, speed, and gun-calibre, and of trained reserves and so on, when the names of those very men or their colleagues are on the Kellogg Pact. And in all this we should do well to bear Russia in mind. It counts. Even though the cynics are right when they tell us the tide of events on which we drift is blind, yet our course need not be set for nowhere and disaster, unless we shut our eyes and make no effort towards a proper course. That can be made; but let us remember that a love of peace is not mere negation, but is revolutionary; it only begins in a revulsion from dirt and evil.



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Nine Prisoners

by **WILLIAM MARCH**

SERGEANT JULIUS PELTON: On the afternoon of the fourth day we fell back to the edge of the wood and dug in, and the First Battalion passed over our heads and continued the attack. In front of us stretched a wheat field and a wrecked farmhouse, and beyond that the wood started again. The wood before us seemed intact and unhurt, but the wood in which we lay was littered with toppling trees and torn branches, still green. To our left was a gravel pit, long abandoned, with one narrow opening; and back of that a ravine ran straight for a hundred yards and stopped blindly against a bank of clay.

From where I was lying I could see the gravel pit, with Johnny Citron on guard at the gap, watching the twenty-two prisoners we had taken that day. Then Captain Magee came over to me. "What'll we do with them, Sergeant?" he asked.

"I don't know, sir," I said.

"The easiest thing would be to train a machine gun on the gravel pit," he added; "that would be the simplest way."

"Yes, sir," I answered, and laughed, not taking him seriously.

"No," he said, after a minute's thought; "the gap is too narrow and the sides are dug in so it would be pretty hard for the gunners." . . .

I seen then that he was not joking.

"We'd better take them into the ravine and do it there," he said. . . .

I listened to what he was saying, keeping my mouth shut, but while he was talking I kept thinking: "I've been in the service since I was a kid eighteen years old. I've seen a lot of things that would turn an ordinary man's stomach. I guess I shouldn't be particular now. . . . But this is raw! — This is the rawest thing I ever heard of!"

When Captain Magee stopped talking, I saluted him. "Yes, sir," I said.

"You'd better take Corporal Foster and his automatic rifle squad. I think Foster is the right man to do it."

"Yes, sir," I said; "yes, sir: I think he is."

"You'd better tell Foster to get it over with before dark."

"Yes, sir," I said.

Later, when I was talking to Foster, I felt ashamed. . . . "Christ! but this is raw," I thought. . . . "Christ! but this is the rawest thing I ever heard of!" . . . Then I remembered what my old drill sergeant had told me in boot camp, twenty years before: "Soldiers ain't supposed to think," he said; "the theory is, if they could think, they wouldn't be soldiers. Soldiers are supposed to do what they are told and leave thinking to their superior officers."

"Well," I said to myself, "I guess it's none of my business. I guess I'm here to carry out instructions." Then I walked to where Foster was and repeated Captain Magee's orders.

CORPORAL CLARENCE FOSTER: "That's an old trick," I said. "I remember reading about it in the papers back home before I enlisted: The Germans send men over in droves to give themselves up and after a while there are more prisoners back of the line than soldiers. Then the Germans make an attack, which is a signal for the prisoners to overpower their guards and come up from the rear. — It's an old gag!" I said; "and it generally works. Those Prussians are smart babies, don't ever forget that! — They've pulled that trick on the dumb French time and time again. . . . I'm surprised you never heard about it, Sergeant," I said.

"I've heard a lot of hooey in my time," he answered.

"Well, this is straight dope," I said. "I've seen it all written up in the newspapers."

"Do you believe all the tripe you read in

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newspapers?" asked Sergeant Pelton.

"Well, I believe *that!*" I said; "I wouldn't put anything dirty past a German."

Sergeant Pelton began to laugh. "Captain Magee said you were the right man for the job!"

"I take his confidence in me as a compliment," I answered. "Christ almighty — this is *war!* . . . What did you think it was? A Sunday-school picnic? . . . Take these Germans now. — Burning churches and dashing out the brains of innocent babies. — You've got to fight fire with fire," I said. "This is the only sort of treatment a German can understand. . . ."

Sergeant Pelton walked away. "All right. Be ready in half an hour," he said. "Let's get it over quick." Then I walked back to the trench where my squad was and told them Captain Magee's orders. I realized a great many people, who didn't understand the necessity for such an act, would censure Captain Magee for shooting prisoners, but under the circumstances there was no other way out. I expected an argument from Walt Drury and that sea-lawyer, Bill Nugent, and I got it. "Don't tell me," I said; "if the arrangement don't suit you, tell your troubles to Captain Magee!"

"He wouldn't do a thing like that," repeated Nugent; "not a dirty thing like that. . . ."

"What do you birds think this is?" I asked. "This is war! . . . Why didn't you bring along your dolls and dishes to play with!" . . .

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PRIVATE WALTER DRURY: Corporal Foster told us to load our rifles and go to the gravel pit. There were some prisoners there, and Captain Magee had ordered us to take them into the ravine, and shoot them. . . . "I won't do it!" I said. — "I might kill a man defending my own life, but to shoot a human being in cold blood . . . I won't do that! — I won't do it!" I said. . . .

"You'll do what the Captain says or you'll get a court-martial. Then they'll stand you up and shoot you too. — Maybe you'd like that!"

"I won't do it!" I said.

"All right," said Corporal Foster. "Use your own judgment. But don't say I didn't warn you."

Then we took our rifles and walked to the gravel pit. There were about two dozen prisoners, mostly young boys with fine, yellow fuzz on their faces. They huddled together in the center of the pit, their eyes rolling nervously, and spoke to each other in soft, frightened voices, their necks bending forward, as if too frail to support the heavy helmets they wore. They looked sick and hungry. Their uniforms were threadbare and torn, and caked with mud, and their bare toes protruded through crevices in their boots. Some of the prisoners were already wounded and weak from loss of blood, and they could hardly stand alone, swaying back and forth unsteadily. . . .

Then suddenly my own knees got weak. "No," I said; "no. — I won't do it." . . . Corporal Foster was getting the prisoners lined up in single file, swearing angrily and waving his hands about. . . . "Why don't I refuse to do this?" I thought. "Why don't all of us refuse? If enough of us refuse, what can they do about it?" . . . Then I saw the truth clearly: "We're prisoners too: we're all prisoners together! . . . No!" I said. — "I won't do it!" . . .

Then I threw my rifle away, turned, and ran stumbling through the woods. I heard Corporal Foster calling to me to come back; I heard Dick Mundy and Bill Nugent shouting, but I ran on and on, dodging behind trees and falling into shell holes, hiding and trembling and then running forward again. Finally I came to an old barn and hid there behind a pile of refuse and tried to think of what I had done. I had no friends to shield me. I could not speak French. I didn't have a chance. I would be picked up by the military police sooner or later and tried as a deserter. That was inevitable, I knew. . . . "Better give myself up and get it

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over with," I decided; "maybe I'll get off with twenty years. — Twenty years isn't such a long time," I thought; "I'll only be forty-two when I come out, and I can start life all over again. . . ."

PRIVATE CHARLES GORDON: When we got the prisoners lined up, and had started them out of the pit, Walt Drury made a funny noise, threw his rifle away, and ran through the woods. . . . "Walt!" I called. "Walt!"

"Let him alone," said Corporal Foster, "he'll get his later."

Then the prisoners came out of the pit stolidly with their heads lowered, neither looking to the right nor the left. The wood had been raked by artillery fire, but recently, and the leaves that clung to the shattered trees and the pendent branches were still green. In places the trunks of the trees had been scored by shrapnel, leaving strips of bark, gnawed-at and limp, dangling in the wind; leaving the whitish skin of the trees exposed, with sap draining slowly. . . .

"Come on," said Foster. "Come on. Let's get going before dark."

We picked our way through the wrecked wood, lifting aside the trailing branches, kicking up with our boots the leaves that had rained down and made a green, unwithered carpet. When we reached the entrance to the ravine, the prisoners drew back, frightened, and began to talk excitedly among themselves; then, glancing apprehensively over their shoulders, they entered, one by one, and huddled against the far bank.

One of the prisoners had very blue eyes and didn't seem frightened at all. He began to talk to his comrades, smiling and shaking his head. I couldn't understand what he was saying, but I had an idea he was telling them not to worry, because there was nothing to fear. . . . "These men are wearing different uniforms and they speak a different language, but they are made out of the same flesh and blood that we are," I imagined him saying. "There's nothing to fear. They aren't going to hurt us."

Suddenly the blue-eyed man looked at me and smiled, and before I knew what I was doing, I smiled back at him. Then Sergeant Pelton gave the signal to fire and the rifles began cracking and spraying bullets from side to side. I took steady aim at the blue-eyed man. For some reason I wanted him to be killed instantly. He bent double, clutched his belly with his hands, and said, "Oh! . . . *Oh!*" like a boy who has eaten green plums. Then he raised his hands in the air, and I saw that most of his fingers were shot away and were dripping blood like water running out of a leaky faucet. "Oh! . . . Oh!" he kept saying in an amazed voice. . . . "Oh! Oh! Oh!" Then he turned around three times and fell on his back, his head lower than his feet, blood flowing from his belly, insistently, like a tide, across his mud-caked tunic; staining his throat and his face. Twice more he jerked his hands upward and twice he made that soft, shocked sound. Then his hands and his eyelids quit twitching. . . .

I stood there spraying the bullets from side to side in accordance with instructions. . . . "Everything I was ever taught to believe about mercy, justice, and virtue is a lie," I thought. . . . "But the biggest lie of all are the words 'God is Love'; that is really the most terrible lie that man ever thought of."

PRIVATE ROGER INABINETT: When the last prisoner quit kicking, my squad went out of the ravine and back to their trench. I stepped behind a fallen tree, and they passed on ahead without missing me. For a while I could hear them moving through the wood, rustling the leaves with their feet, but after a time everything was quiet again. Then I went back and began going through the pockets of the dead men, but it was hardly worth the trouble. Most of them had paper marks and a few metal coins with square holes punched in them. I put these in my pocket. They might have some value: I didn't know. Then there were a lot of letters and photographs which I tore up and threw in a pile. Some of the men were wearing regimental rings which I took off their fingers — they're worth three or four francs each — and one had a fine, hand-carved cigarette lighter, shaped like a canteen, but there wasn't much of anything else.

What I was really looking for were Iron Crosses. They're worth real money back in the S.O.S. They make fine souvenirs and the boys buy them to send back home to their sweethearts. Sometimes they bring as much as 150 francs each. The squareheads generally wear them pinned to their undershirts, under their tunics, where they won't show. I looked over

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every man carefully, but if there was a single decoration among them, I couldn't find it.

When I was almost through, I looked up and saw Sergeant Pelton watching me steadily, without moving his eyes.

"I'm looking for Iron Crosses," I said.

Then he caught me by the collar and pulled me up. "Put that stuff back," he said.

"What's the sense in that, Sarge?" I asked. "We got more right to it than anybody else. If we don't get it, somebody else will." Then I took the cigarette lighter and offered it to him. "Here, you can have this, if you want it," I said.

For a moment I thought he was going to hit me, but he thought better of it. He turned me loose suddenly and walked away. "Get on back to your squad," he said.

"All right," I said; "if that's the way you feel about it, it's all right by me. — But there's no use your getting sore."

"Get on back to your squad!" he said.

PRIVATE RICHARD MUNDY: I decided to take my rifle apart and clean it thoroughly. I didn't want to think about those prisoners any more, but as I sat there with my squad in the shallow trench, with the rifle parts scattered about me, I couldn't help thinking about them. Corporal Foster was opening cans of monkey meat with a bayonet, and Roger Inabinett divided the meat and the hardtack into eight equal parts.

Charlie Gordon got out his harmonica and began to play a lively tune, but Everett Qualls stopped him. Then Foster passed out the

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rations and each man took his share. At sight of the food, Bill Nugent took sick. He went to the edge of the trench and vomited. When he came back his face was white. Jimmy Wade had a canteen of cognac which he passed over to him and Bill took a big swig of it, but immediately he got up and vomited again. Then he lay stretched out and trembled.

"What's the matter with you, Bill?" asked Foster.

"Nothing," he said.

"They've pulled that trick on the French a thousand times, and got away with it, too!" said Foster. "These Germans are smart hombres. You got to watch them all the time."

Ahead of us, in the wheat field, the rays of the late sun lay flat on the trampled grain, but in the wood it was almost dark.

I put my rifle back together and rubbed the butt with oil. I kept seeing those prisoners falling and rising to their knees and falling again. I walked to the end of the trench and looked over the top. A long way ahead was the sound of rifle fire and to the west there was intermittent shelling, but here in the wood everything was calm and peaceful. "You wouldn't know we were in the war at all," I thought.

Then I had an irresistible desire to go to the ravine and look at the prisoners again. I climbed out of the trench quickly before anybody knew what I was going to do. . . .

The prisoners lay where we had left them, faced upward mostly, twisted in grotesque knots like angleworms in a can, their pockets turned outward and rifled, their tunics unbuttoned and flung wide. I stood looking at them for a while, silent, feeling no emotion at all. Then the limb of a tree that grew at the edge of the ravine swayed forward and fell, and a wedge of late sunlight filtered through the trees and across the faces of the dead men. . . . Deep in the wood a bird uttered one frightened note and stopped suddenly, remembering. A peculiar feeling that I could not understand came over me. I fell to the ground and began to cry. . . . "I'll never hurt anything again as long as I live," I said . . . . "Never again, as long as I live. . . . Never! . . . Never! . . . Never!" . . .

PRIVATE WILLIAM NUGENT: The warden asked me again if I wouldn't see the chaplain. "What the hell do I want to see him for?" I asked. "Say, listen to me — you'd better keep that bird out of here, if you don't want to get him told! — If there's anything I hate worse than cops, it's preachers!" I said.

Everybody in the House was listening to me telling the warden. "I'm a tough baby!" I said. "I bumped that cop off. — Sure I did. I never denied that at the trial, did I? . . . It wasn't the first one, either. I'd bump off a dozen more, right now, if I had a chance. . . . Tell the chaplain that for me, will you?" . . .

Then the warden went away and after a while my cell door opened and the chaplain come in. He had a Bible in his hand with a purple ribbon to mark the place. He come in softly, and closed the door behind him, a couple of guards standing outside to see I didn't harm him none.

"Repent, my son, and give your soul to God! — Repent and be saved, before it is too late!"

"Get out of here!" I said. "Get out! I don't want to have nothing to do with you!"

"You have sinned, my son," he said. "You have sinned in the sight of Almighty God. . . . 'Thou shalt not kill!' — Those are the words of our blessed Lord." . . .

"Listen," I said. "Don't pull that stuff on me, or I'll laugh in your face. I'm wise to how things are done. . . . Sure I killed that cop," I said. "I hate cops! — Something burns me up and I get dizzy every time I see one. I bumped that cop, all right. — Why not? . . . Who the hell are cops to magee a man do things he don't want to do? . . . Say, let me tell you something about a big job I pulled once when I was in the army. I was a young fellow then, and I believed all the boloney you're talking now. I believed all that. . . . Well, anyway, we took a bunch of prisoners one day. It was too much trouble to send 'em back to the rear, so the cop of my outfit made us take 'em into a ditch, line 'em up, and shoot 'em. Then, a week later when we were back in rest billets, he lined the company up and made us all go to church to listen to a bird like you talk boloney. . . ."

"My son," said the Chaplain, "this is the last day of your life. Can't you realize that? Won't you let me help you?" . . .

"Get out of here," I said, and began to curse the chaplain with every word I knew. "You get out of here! — If there's anything I hate worse than cops, it's preachers! . . . You get out!"

The preacher closed his Bible, and the guards

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opened the door. "I guess I got that bastard told!" I said; "I guess I blew his ears down for him!"

PRIVATE EVERETT QUALLS: One by one my cattle got sick and fell down, a bloody foam dripping from their jaws and nostrils. The veterinarians scratched their heads and said they had never seen anything like it. I knew what was the matter, but I didn't say anything, and at last my stock was all dead. I breathed with relief then. "I have paid for what I did," I thought; "now I can start all over." But about that time a blight came upon my corn, which was well up and beginning to tassel: the joints secreted a fluid which turned red over night. The green blades fell off and the stalks withered and bent to the ground. . . . "This, too!" I thought; "this, too, is required of me!"

My crops were ruined, my cattle dead. I talked it over with my young wife. She kissed me and begged me not to worry so. "We can live some way this winter," she said. "We'll start again in the spring. Everything will be all right."

I wanted to tell her then, but I didn't dare do it. I couldn't tell her a thing of that sort. And so I went about hoping that He had forgotten and that my punishment was lifted. Then my baby, who had been so strong and healthy, took sick. I saw him wasting away before my eyes, his legs and arms turning purple, his eyes glazed and dead with the fever.

I had not prayed for a long time, but I prayed now. "Oh, God, don't do this," I pleaded. "It's not his fault; it's not the baby's fault. — I, I alone am guilty. Punish me, if You will — but not this way! . . . Not this way, God! . . . Please!" . . . I could hear my baby's breath rattling in the next room; I could hear the hum of the doctor's voice, the clink of an instrument against glass, and the worried words of my wife. Then the baby's breathing stopped altogether and there was my wife's intaken wail of despair.

I beat my breast and flung myself to the floor and that scene I had tried to crush from my mind came back again. I could hear Sergeant Pelton giving the signal to fire and I could see those prisoners falling and rising and falling again. Blood poured from their wounds and they twisted on the ground, and I was twisting now on the floor. . . . One of the prisoners had a brown beard and clear, sunburned skin. I recognized him to be a farmer, like myself, and as I stood above him, I imagined his life. He, too, had a wife that he loved, who waited for him somewhere. He had a comfortable farm and on holidays, at home, he used to drink beer and dance. . . .

My wife was knocking on the door, but I would not let her in. Then I knew what I must do. I took my service revolver, climbed out of the window, and ran to the grove of scrub oaks that divided my land. When I reached the grove, I put the barrel in my mouth and pulled the trigger twice. There came blinding pain and waves of light that washed outward, in a golden flood, and widened to infinity. . . . I lifted from the ground and lurched forward, feet first, borne on the golden light, rocking gently from side to side. Then wild buffaloes rushed past me on thundering hooves, and receded, and I toppled suddenly into blackness without dimension and without sound.

PRIVATE JAMES WADE: You can always tell an old battle field where many men have lost their lives. The next spring the grass comes up greener and more luxuriant than on the surrounding countryside. The poppies are redder and the cornflowers more blue. They grow over the field and down the sides of the shell holes and lean, almost touching, across the abandoned trenches in a solid mass of color that ripples all day in the direction that the wind blows. They take the pits and the scars out of the land and make it a sweet, sloping surface again. Take a wood, now, or a ravine. In a year's time you could never guess the things that had taken place there.

I was talking of these things as I sat with my wife watching the Ellis children across the street shouting and playing on their lawn. It was getting dark and my wife put away her sewing. She said it was not difficult to understand about the battlefields: The blood of the men killed on the field and the bodies buried there, fertilize the ground and stimulate the growth of vegetation. That was all quite natural, she said.

But I could not agree with this too simple explanation. To me it has always seemed that God is so sickened with men and the things they do to each other that he covers the places where they have been as quickly as possible.

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Alfred E. Smith

Presidential Possibilities—V

***by* ALVA JOHNSTON**

A Democratic national convention may do anything. The rule requiring a two-thirds vote for a nomination enables a stubborn minority to hold out until most of the delegates are nervous wrecks. Fatigue toxins finally dictate the nomination. The dream of the Al Smith worshipers is that the delegates, deadlocked next June in their quadrennial orgy of hate, wasted away by the terrific heat, exhausted by the labor of destroying the reputations of the leading candidates and of inflicting all possible injury on the party's chance of success, will listen to the music of "East Side, West Side" and stampede for the New York idol.

Chief among the menaces to this vision is the fear that Franklin D. Roosevelt will be so far out in front that his nomination cannot be prevented. However, the convention will probably be a carnival of the favorite sons. Never before has there been such an overproduction of Democratic presidential possibilities. New York has Roosevelt, Smith, and Young; Ohio has Baker, Cox, and two or three

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others. The South, Southwest, Middle West, and Far West have their legions of local prides and hopes. The first stage of the convention will be the struggle of the favorite sons to prevent Roosevelt from getting the two-thirds vote. The coalition of secondary candidates and long shots will strive to convince the delegates that Roosevelt is a handsome man with a slender record of achievement, a waxworks smile, colorless personality, indecisive temperament, and mediocre speaking ability, and that his nomination is no guarantee of a victorious campaign.

On or about the thirty-ninth ballot, according to the vision of the Smith folk, the homesick, heat-crazed delegates are to see a great light: they will remember that, after all, Smith in 1928 received 15,016,443 votes, or 6,000,000 more than had ever before been cast for a Democratic candidate; they will recall that Smith has a finer record of achievement than any living Democrat, that he possesses a more capacious and vigorous mind than any of his rivals with the possible exception of Owen D. Young, that he is honest, outspoken, full of courage, color, and dash; that he is to-day America's only great popular orator. The vision of the Smith men requires that the delegates remember these things but forget that Smith is a Catholic.

If Al were a Methodist, a Mennonite, a Muggletonian, a Holy Roller or Hook-and-eye Amishman, his nomination and election in 1932 would be foregone conclusions. But he was so badly advised as to be born in the Church of Rome. The delegates could easily forget that he says "hunnert" for "hundred" and "raddio" for "radio"; but could they again forget the impenetrable stupidity, the moral turpitude, the political maladroitness which he manifested at 174 South Street, New York, under the shadow of Brooklyn Bridge, on the thirtieth day of December, 1873, along toward three o'clock in the morning, when he entered the world in a Roman Catholic household? Fifty-eight years ago Smith elected to assume the responsibility for the Inquisition, the Gunpowder Plot, the St. Bartholomew's Massacre, the reign of Bloody Mary, the burning of Joan of Arc, the Sicilian Vespers, the Index Expurgatorious, and all the mumbo-jumbo of Popery; to-day he cannot escape from his past.

Smith is in need of extraordinary luck if he is to be nominated in 1932. But he is a lucky fellow. His defeat by Hoover in 1928 establishes him as a favored child of fortune. Had he been elected in 1928, he would have gone down in history as the author of the Great Smith Panic. The Great Smith Panic would probably have branded the Democratic Party forever as a party unfit to rule. The belief is widespread that Smith by this time would have been impeached and flung out of the White House. His feeble excuses would have been hooted to silence. His claim that world-wide economic conditions caused the Smith Crash would be jeered; the reply would be that the Smith Crash caused the world-wide economic conditions. Repentant Smithites would recall that Herbert Hoover had warned them in his Boston, New York, and St. Louis speeches in 1928 that Republican control of economics was the cause of prosperity. They would recollect, with bitter remorse, that Herbert Hoover had told them in St. Louis that the Republicans had found a "remedy" which prevented slumps. They would boot themselves for failing to understand that a vote for Hoover was a vote to abolish poverty and that a vote for Smith was a vote to abolish prosperity.

Thousands of citizens would see the whole thing as a Romish conspiracy. Could anybody persuade Bishop Cannon that his bucket shop losses were not due to the machinations of His Holiness? If the Vatican were not suspected of being back of some of those thousands of bank runs, then there are no good suspecters left in the Protestant community. What was the Papal Nuncio doing when Goldman-Sachs dropped from 230 to 5? Where was the Papal Legate when wheat dived to 48? It would be clear enough to many that the whole series of disasters was plotted and contrived by the cocotte of Babylon.

If there were not abundant matter for the impeachment of Smith in all this, what about the Wickersham report? The deplorable conditions which that document reveals could be easily traced to the treasonable laxity of Smith. The rivers of whisky and seas of beer that flood the country would plainly be the result of placing a wet Roman Catholic in the White House. The infamous racketeer situation would be ample ground for Smith's removal. It is easy to imagine that if Smith had won in 1928, the country's most popular

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columnist would be Herbert Hoover and everybody would be quoting his trenchant paragraphs on what might have been, if . . .

Smith and Roosevelt

In escaping election in 1928, Smith had luck enough for one man. He ought to quit winner. But few men have the self-control to turn their backs on the Presidency, and Smith might be the leading candidate to-day if his old comrade-in-arms, Franklin D. Roosevelt, were not in the field. The Roosevelt-Smith complication is one of the prettiest in political history. At the present time Al is so overshadowed by Roosevelt that he could not make an active campaign for himself without courting humiliation, and yet Roosevelt cannot be certain of the nomination while he is in danger of the disfavor of Smith. "Ingratitude" is the subject of conversation among the friends of the two men. Roosevelt is censured for pursuing his ambition while his old leader is still in the running; Smith is blamed, considering the microscopic nature of his chance of renomination, for failing to throw his strength to Roosevelt. Smith, it is said, does not acknowledge his obligation to Roosevelt; Roosevelt, it is said, repudiates his debt to Smith. The unsettled question is, "Did Al make Franklin or did Franklin make Al?"

Different bookkeepers use different systems in casting up the balance of indebtedness between the two men. Roosevelt made the nominating speeches for Smith in 1924 and 1928. The glamour of the name of Roosevelt, his strategic Protestantism, his fine presence and considerable personal influence, were assets to the Smith cause. Roosevelt conferred on Smith the title of "The Happy Warrior" which was a great favor or a small one, according to the value which one places on that slightly saccharine phrase. Roosevelt's real sacrifice for Smith was made in running for Governor of New York in 1928. Roosevelt at first declined to make the campaign on the ground that it might interfere with the recovery of his health. Later he yielded to the argument that his name at the head of the state ticket would help Smith in his effort to carry the electoral vote of New York.

The Smith partisans, however, tell the story differently. They say that Roosevelt was one of a hundred who coveted the honor of making the nominating speeches for Smith, and that those speeches were more useful to Roosevelt than to Smith. They add that Roosevelt was not really unwilling to run for Governor in 1928; they insist that in saying No once or twice before he said Yes, Roosevelt merely followed his usual technique.

The Smith counterclaim for gratitude from Roosevelt contains several items. One is the spotlighting of Roosevelt as the Smith orator in the 1924 and 1928 conventions. The Governorship transaction is regarded as an even trade. Roosevelt may have risked his hope of recovery, but the fact is that he has enjoyed wonderful health, that the duties of his office have been a light tax on his abounding energy, and that he has been able to take full advantage of the Governorship of New York, the best of all springboards for the Presidency.

The great thing that Smith did for Roosevelt was the smashing of the Republican Party in New York State during the period from 1918 to 1928. In putting into effect his liberal and progressive program, Smith shattered the old Republican machine and convinced the people of the state by thorough demonstration that the Republican leaders were mean and pettifogging obstructionists. Smith left the Republican organization in ruins; Roosevelt triumphed over the débris. In this sense Roosevelt was carried into greatness on the coat tails of Al Smith. In this sense Roosevelt owes his brilliant prospect of becoming President to Smith. The Smith boom is the reluctant and somewhat unnatural parent of the Roosevelt boom; the Roosevelt boom is the somewhat unfilial child of the Smith boom. This condition causes a strain in the New York State democracy. Pressure has been unsuccessfully brought to bear on Smith to induce him to announce himself in favor of Roosevelt. Such a move, however, would at once reduce Smith to a nonentity, whereas he is now the titular head of the Democratic party and is in a position to cut a great figure in 1932, even if his hope of the nomination is very faint.

Smith and Tammany

The Smith-Roosevelt-Tammany Hall imbroglio is a curious one and may have a bearing on the Presidential situation, particularly if the Seabury investigation sets the nation talking about the awful Tammany

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scandals. If Judge Seabury continues to fill the press of the country with Tammany iniquities and Tammany corruption, it is nearly certain to hurt Roosevelt and it may, conceivably, help Smith. There has been a dramatic change in the relationships of Smith and of Roosevelt to Tammany. Roosevelt started his political career in New York twenty years ago as a Tammany-baiter; recently he has been the firm friend and working ally of Tammany. Smith, a Tammany man throughout his adult life, stands practically excommunicated by the present rulership of Tammany Hall.

The average Tammany worker hates Smith and is proud of him. He regards Smith as a traitor and as Tammany's greatest asset. Al sheds luster and humiliation on Tammany. As Governor, Smith was accused of preferring Republicans, reform Democrats, and mugwumps to choice political hacks of Tammany. He rejected Tammany appointments and killed Tammany schemes. He disciplined Tammany, in state matters, to a high civic standard which hurt Tammany to the heart. He tried to make the boys virtuous when the boys wanted to be made rich. Smith's power was so great that he crushed Tammany resistance in state affairs as easily as he crushed Republican resistance. Smith's remarkable reign of four terms in New York State redounded to the prestige of Tammany; the nomination of an out-and-out Tammany man for President was an honor which surprised and startled Tammany beyond measure. But Smith rode roughshod over the Organization; gave orders instead of taking them; disorganized the judgeship market by making his own appointments.

Specifically, Smith offended the present leader of Tammany Hall, John F. Curry, by rejecting his application to be appointed State Superintendent of Insurance. Smith further affronted Curry by refusing to consider him fit material for the leadership of Tammany Hall — an opinion of Curry which has been amply confirmed by later developments. Smith enraged all the minor chiefs by making no secret of his opinion that they were unanimously and grossly unfit to direct Tammany.

Curry fed fat his old grudge and shelved Smith completely. Through his power over Jimmie Walker, Curry silenced Smith as a counselor in New York City affairs. Through his influence with Roosevelt, Curry silenced Smith as a counselor in state affairs. The Governor and Mayor treated Smith, the man who put both of them in office, as if he did not exist. Roosevelt, the one time reformer and anti-Tammany crusader, harkened duteously to the Tammany boss, even allowing himself to be led into making unworthy appointments to the judiciary.

Three years ago, when Smith was shelved by the Curry-Roosevelt-Walker combination, Tammany was riding on calm waters. To-day Tammany is having rough going. It is in serious danger of being wrecked as thoroughly as the Tweed Ring was wrecked. Roosevelt is faced here by a double danger: if he uses the powers of his office to shield Tammany, he is likely to lose the support of the country; if he uses the powers of his office to aid in the destruction of Tammany, he will lose Tammany support. So far Roosevelt has conducted himself with such cunning and nimbleness as to alienate neither Tammany nor the friends of good government. His attitude toward the New York scandals has not been a bold one, nor has it been absolutely craven. He has not openly condoned graft, but he has failed utterly as a Big Stick wielder after the fashion of his late cousin, "T. R." The Seabury investigation may fail; Tammany may emerge from it without any mortal injuries; but if vast and appalling corruption is disclosed, Roosevelt is likely to be destroyed for taking a position either as the friend or as the enemy of Tammany, or for vacillating too obviously between the two.

Smith, having been virtually read out of Tammany Hall, stands clear of all this. Curry, Roosevelt, and Walker have made Smith a private in the rear ranks. It is difficult to imagine Roosevelt eliminated by the Tammany scandals and Smith rehabilitated by them, but the thing may happen. The cry of Tammany corruption cannot be justly raised against Smith, who is in exile from Tammany to-day because of his efforts to make Tammany decent. The great period of Smith's career was spent in making the New York State government immune from corruption of the kind which is rife in New York City. The business of the State, which was formerly transacted in darkness and confusion, is now

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transacted in the daylight, thanks to the reforms of Smith. As Governor, Smith intervened vigorously to punish the guilty in the New York sewer scandal, a quasi-Tammany affair. Smith, however, is fairly open to criticism for failing to raise his voice on the side of good government in the present crisis in New York City. He has not sanctioned Tammany rascality, but he has remained mute.

Smith and Hoover

If some unlikely combination of chances should make Smith the Democratic nominee in 1932, what probability is there that he would defeat Hoover? The question, roughly, is whether 3,187,374 voters repent sufficiently of having voted for Hoover in 1928 to vote for Smith in 1932. The Hoover vote in 1928 was 21,392,190; the Smith vote, 15,016,443. According to offhand estimates that are heard on every side, ten or fifteen million persons repent of having voted for Hoover. The prosperity issue has turned violently against the Republicans. The issue calls Hoover to a heavy reckoning because his speeches in 1928 claimed the boom as a triumph of Republican policy and made the White House the fountainhead of the economic conditions of America.

Hoover beat Smith in 1928 by claiming the boom. Could he beat Smith in 1932 by disclaiming the slump? Hoover will find it hard to convince the electorate that bull markets are local Republican phenomena and bear markets are world-wide manifestations. No other man could vivisect Hoover and the Republican record of the last three years as effectively as Smith could. To begin with, Smith would have sympathy on his side, because of the feeling that he was virtually defrauded of the Presidency by Hoover's unscrupulous exploitation in 1928 of the theory that Republican economic smartness was the cause of American prosperity. The situation is tailor-made for Smith, with his power of reducing problems to their simplest terms, his humor, sarcasm, and wicked relentlessness in pursuing a beaten foe in the arena of political debate.

Smith made a poor campaign in 1928. The Democrats had no issue and their candidate was no master of national or international affairs. His campaign managers made the profound mistake of basing his campaign on his personality. At any rate, the appreciation of the Smith personality is an acquired taste. It was not his magnetism, his smile, his husky voice, his brown derby, his New York accent, and other mannerisms that brought him to the front in the first place; it was his intellectual handling of great state problems that won his prestige and popularity in his own state. He repeatedly crushed the Republican majorities in his state legislatures because his authoritative exposition of state issues left them unable to attempt to reply. In each of his long series of debates with able Republicans, Smith won an overwhelming popular verdict. When dealing with a subject which he knows thoroughly, Smith has a force and completeness of presentation which is equaled only by Charles Evans Hughes, and he is superior to Hughes in simplicity and clarity, in the flash and sting of his phrases.

These qualities were lost in 1928 because Smith has no strong grasp of national themes. A warehouse of specific information on New York State affairs, he was weak on national and international questions. He had the power of assimilation and the ability to use other men's brains which would have quickly enabled him to grapple with the nation's business, if he had been elected, but he was unable to do himself justice in the campaign.

If some political accident gives Smith another chance, he will not be the neophyte that he was in 1928; he will be able to attack with some of the confidence and power which he displayed in his state campaigns. Smith has been continuously before the public since 1928. His book, *Up to Now*, made a favorable impression and his weekly newspaper column has at least served to remind millions that he is still actively extant. His connection with the Empire State Building, the world's tallest structure, has served the same purpose. In keeping the public aware of his continued existence, Smith has accomplished a striking feat, considering how enthusiastically the nation erased Cox and Davis from the tables of its memory after the elections of 1920 and 1924.

The final question is whether the enormous mass of religious intolerance which was disclosed in 1928 would not defeat Smith, in spite of his other advantages. Would not tens of

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thousands, hundreds of thousands, millions of flaming-eyed bigots indulge their nervous systems with the lascivious thrills of religious spite and rancor? Would not multitudes in the camp-meeting zones abandon themselves again to the sweet pangs and delicious carnal stings of blessed hate? Are there any signs of a decrease in religious viciousness? The man who has once experienced the malignant persecuting ecstasies can hardly break himself of the desire for more. There is every reason to believe that the nomination of Smith would be the signal for an outbreak in the South, Southwest, and other sections of a carnival of animality of the religio-sexual type slightly disguised under the cloak of the fear of Rome. The roués and libertines of the pious classifications would have the grandest parties since the golden age of the "shakes" and the "jerks" and the laughing and barking exercises.

That the delinquents of this kind have decreased in four years is doubtful, but it is improbable that the bigotry neurosis could break the Solid South again. The chief anti-Smith crusaders of 1928 are out of action. The Rev. Dr. John Roach Straton, "the fundamentalist Pope," who stumped the South against Smith, died as a result of those exertions. Bishop Cannon, ablest of the ecclesiastical politicians, is in an eclipse because of his bucket shop adventures and the court indictment against him. Mabel Willebrandt, who made an effective campaign to rouse Protestant women against Smith as a wet and a Roman Catholic, has turned wine agent — at least, agent for unborn California wine. The remorse of the Southern Democrats who voted for Hoover is heartbreaking. The states of Virginia, North Carolina, and Texas are three great guilty consciences. Hoover hard times are regarded in those states as a just punishment inflicted by an angry God for the moral lapse of going Republican.

There is no doubt, however, that the current opinion of most of the Democratic leaders throughout the country is that the religious disability from which Smith suffers outweighs the advantages of his preëminent record, his large-caliber mind, and his popular strength in those sections of the country whose nervous systems have not been abused and undermined by primitive religious psychopathies.

Common Sense *vs.* the Common Cold

by **JAMES HITCHCOCK, M.D.**

When in newspapers and books, on billboards and over the radio, I am beseeched to attend to corruption in high places, unemployment, rackets, divorces in Reno, and gangsters in Chicago; when I see the placards on houses that warn of measles and diphtheria; when I turn a page and discover a sword pointing the way to fight cancer, I find that I, too, have a little list of horrors that never would be missed, headed by a scourge which runs among us shockingly unmolested, against which no war cry has ever been raised, but which is none the less an enemy worth attending to with big guns — the common cold.

The common cold is a thing about which, as Mark Twain has complained of the weather, everyone talks but nobody does anything. An occasional tragic experience recalls the menace of this common enemy and shakes the victim out of his lethargy — often too late to check

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disaster. Such an instance was graphically described by one of my instructors some years ago when he told the story of a young couple who lost their only child from pneumonia, because, to use the lecturer's words, "that god-damned nurse, when she had a cold, did not have the common sense not to expose the child." Granting that he was naïve in suspecting the nurse of having in her kit that rare medicine miscalled common sense, he was justified in attributing the tragedy to the lack of it. It is the bitterest foe of the common cold, and if we could give each human his proper share and teach him to use it, we should do almost all that needs to be done toward ridding us all of our sneezes and sniffles and their sequelae.

The so-called common cold or coryza is a remarkable phenomenon. Most of us have personal experience of it from time to time, and go about with our noses red and raw, our voices husky, coughing out sprays of germs, sending dozens of infected handkerchiefs to the laundry and saying, or trying to say, all the while between sniffs, "It is nothing — just a cold in the nose." It is a rather more serious matter than the sniffler thinks. It is a shifty and tricky disease, and what meager statistics there are underrate its prevalence and its cost in money, time, and energy.

A great deal of work has been done in the effort to discover facts about it: its cause, its distribution, its consequences, its prevention, and its cure. Dozens of bacterial suspects have been brought before the court of medical research, and they are a villainous crew. Among them are such names as Micrococcus Catarrhalis, Pneumococcus, Streptococcus, Staphylococcus, Bacillus Influenzae, Bacillus of Friedlander, Diphtheroids, and Filterable Viruses; but of all that ugly crowd, not one has been definitely convicted of this particular offense, though at present Filterable Viruses are in a pretty tight box. All of the suspects are, however, a bad lot and sworn cronies of the offender and always at hand to help on his dirty work.

Very little has been proved scientifically about the method of distribution of the common cold. Laboratory work has not ascertained that direct contact distributes it or that it necessarily follows exposure to dampness or cold, or that it is aggravated by fatigue. Experimenters have gone so far as to spray the material from an infected person into the nasal passages of healthy individuals, with no resulting infection in a majority of cases. In a large group of college students, no striking difference in physique or habits was noted between those who were and those who were not particularly susceptible to colds. Those subject to four or more a year were found, however, to have been more subject to asthma, hay fever, and other infections in the past.

A large insurance company studied one year the incidence of the common cold among its employees. During this year, out of 6700 employees, there were 6233 days lost from work from this cause, not including complications resulting from it. An average of 420.7 persons per 1000 were affected, and the average time lost per infected person was 2.2 days, and the average time lost for the entire number of employees was 0.9 days per person. The same company has reported that colds are nine times more prevalent among indoor workers than among taxi drivers, and four times more than among soldiers in the United States Army.

From a dollar and cents point of view, the common cold costs the laboring classes of this country upwards of half a billion dollars annually. That is much more than it is worth and considerably more than we can afford. It is a luxury which should be indulged in only by the idle rich.

The Source of Disease

Upon certain facts with regard to the common cold medical opinion seems to be pretty well agreed. It is an infection and it is common enough to justify its name. It starts as a rule in the nasal passages. One attack confers immunity for a very short time, averaging four to eight weeks. Whatever the cause, it distinctly lowers the resistance of the body to the invasion of serious disease organisms. It is the starting point of over fifty per cent of all disabling illnesses and of approximately seventy-five per cent of pneumonias. Most cases of severe bronchitis and asthma are instigated by it. Rheumatic fever, inflamation of the membranes of the joints, heart, or brain may follow; and severe kidney damage and heart failure may be end results. It is more prevalent in the colder months. Heredity, climate, and ventilation are factors. The inhabitants of the very cold countries do not generally suffer colds, but

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let a boat-load of them come in from the South, or let some of them travel down to our cities, and they fall victims to this disease of our civilization.

The problem has always been a puzzling one for both general practitioner and health officer. Insurance companies issue pamphlets giving sound advice about maintaining health and avoiding colds. Newspapers, lecturers, and schools preach prevention and curative measures, but with none of the verve and drama that attend attempts to stamp out less universal plagues. Tuberculosis has recently attained its just importance in the eyes of the community, and vigorous campaigns in behalf of its sufferers are enthusiastically carried on and subscribed to. We can in no way estimate the amount of good that similar publicity for the common cold would do in the prevention of severe epidemics of grippe and influenza and other infectious diseases, and possibly in the alleviation of tuberculosis itself.

Medical men have tried many treatments, with success varying from some to none. No specific cure is known. Popular drugs at present are argyrol, iodine, mercurochrome, adrenalin, ephedrine, atropine, and camphor. These vary in their strength and action, and should be used only under the direction of a physician. Inhalations of chlorine gas have been tried. Preventive inoculations are thought to help in about fifty per cent of the cases. One physician writes of the marvelous results of spraying a solution of bichloride of mercury into the nose and throat, and then, if relief is not forthcoming, directly into the maxillary sinuses (the bony cavities of the cheek bones) after opening the cavities with a steel probe. With some enthusiasm he assures us that the work can be done on a child as readily as on an adult by simply tying the child down and keeping the mouth open with a gag.

The advice and technique of doctors vary, but there is an important place for the good physician both in the prevention and the treatment of the common cold. Local disorders of the nose and throat usually increase one's susceptibility. Infected tonsils, adenoids, or sinuses, overgrown tissues, or abnormally placed bones are not things one would be likely to ask one's aunt to remove or repair, though she would probably be adequate to a foot bath or a hot lemonade. Such abnormalities should of course be corrected by a reputable physician.

But even if our tonsils and such like were lifted, we should still have colds to conquer. And that is where common sense comes in. It does not require scientific research to see that colds do sweep through households, offices, and factories, and statistics are not needed to show that if each individual would isolate himself when infected with the common cold, he would greatly benefit himself and his fellow man and possibly avert a severe epidemic. One cannot be sure always that a cold is merely a cold, and not a precursor of a much more serious malady.

The best thing to do about a cold is to avoid it. Whether or not laboratories prove it, it is reasonable to assume that a fit body is less likely to succumb than a flabby one. Living as most of us do, with overheated rooms, rich food, bootleg liquor, overwork, and undersleep added to the complications inherent in the human frame and in the human spirit, and with billions of sprightly bugs after us all the time, we are up against a tough job in trying to be healthy and wise as well as wealthy. The simplicities are harder to enforce than national prohibition. Cleanliness, good food and water, fresh air, and rest are more to be desired than inoculations and probes and gags.

Start where the cold usually does, with the nose. Keep it clean. The nasal passages play a most important part in the maintenance of health. It is common knowledge that the skin gives off heat to regulate body temperature, and moisture to help remove waste and to keep the body surface from being too dry. It is less generally realized that about twenty per cent of the heat and a high proportion of the moisture from the body is discharged by the nasal membranes to warm and moisten inhaled air before it is utilized by the delicate lung structures. The sense of smell, which enables us to enjoy our morning coffee and the bright breath of spring, is not the primary function of the nose. Clean nostrils, mouth, and throat are strong barriers against disease.

Water Inside and Out

Most people keep their skin clean out of vanity, and so help along the mechanisms of heat and moisture control, but they are not so careful about their insides. It is true that the sum spent by Americans for cathartics and

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laxatives is enormous, but the system of spring and fall house-cleanings with complete neglect between is not to be recommended. Drink water! It is a safe rule to drink it whenever opportunity offers and to make opportunities besides. Water needs to be advertised. It needs poets to do for it what Homer and Keats and the Old Testament and human tradition from time immemorial have done for wine. Water has been praised for sailing, swimming, and fishing, but it has never been adequately praised as a drink. Indeed, in these dry days it has fallen out of the category of drinks. It ought to be reinstated. Like Piscator, we must not yet forsake the waters by whose help we have so many known advantages.

Food does not, as a rule, need to be urged. We eat rather too much than too little, but we do not eat it well. Other ages and other countries have better understood the art of eating which in these days of one-armed lunches and the soda and sandwich shoppe has fallen into a slovenly habit. Breakfast and lunch have become gobbles, and we come to dinner too fatigued with the day's work or too stuffed with the afternoon's bridge or after matinée refreshments to enjoy the food or the ceremony.

Exercise in fresh air is becoming harder to get. Trains and subways and automobiles carry men and women who used to live near enough their work to walk, and walking for fun has become the hobby of a few. It remains, however, the easiest, cheapest, and most available exercise, open to those who cannot golf or play tennis or ride horseback. It is good at almost any age. Exercise of some sort is quite essential, and exercise in the open air is by far better than exercise indoors.

But of all these things the most precious is rest, of which there are many sorts. One third of every adult's twenty-four hours should be spent in bed, and the eight hours left over from work ought to be restful. This should include meal times, when relaxation is important not only for the digestion, but for the enjoyment of the occasion. A man I know gets more relaxation from repairing antiques than many do from stretching on a bed, and another takes most of his recreation in banding birds and studying their habits. Real fun, whether it be found in reading or baseball, fishing or carpentry, or just sitting, is essential to good health.

If all these rules were followed we should be unlikely material for our old friend, the common cold. Perhaps in some high and far-off time he will find no place among us. Until then, let us give him as little chance as possible. "Treating your adversary with respect," said Dr. Johnson, "is giving him an advantage to which he is not entitled." Shun a person harboring a cold. A cold usually announces itself by a chilly feeling or a sneeze or a tickle in the nose or throat. Then is the time to do something. Is there a draft blowing on you? Are your feet damp and cold? Is your skin wet with perspiration? Are you insufficiently dressed? If you do no more than close a window or button your coat closer or gargle or drink water or hot lemonade, do it at once. Be sure you are warm. The signals may not recur.

If they do, and they work fast, and you find yourself sneezing and stuffy and your nose running, admit you are entertaining a cold, and do it properly. Go home. Go to bed. Remember the good old hot water bottle and hot drinks. Use handkerchiefs that can be destroyed, and destroy them. Whenever you are not doing anything else, drink some water and then drink some more. Eat lightly, chiefly of fruit juices, for at least twenty-four hours. Gargle now and then with something hot. Salt in hot water is convenient and efficacious. See that the air in your room is fresh but not cold. If there is any sluggishness of the bowels, take a laxative. Stay in your own room and keep others out, until you have discouraged the cold, and are sure you will not take it with you to the rest of your household, your office, your shop, the trolleys, or trains. If there is fever, have medical assistance.

Most of us wish our fellow men well, but we take no pains to protect him from our own colds. For us it may be a slight illness; for him it may be far more serious. We all deplore pneumonia and epidemics of infections in the upper respiratory tract, and support legal isolation for scarlet fever, diphtheria, and measles, but to our most prevalent disease we give every encouragement. The common cold is a threat to all of the people all of the time. It is high time that the simple measures dictated by common sense be enforced.

Next month — "In Defense of Caesareans," by Doctor Hitchcock

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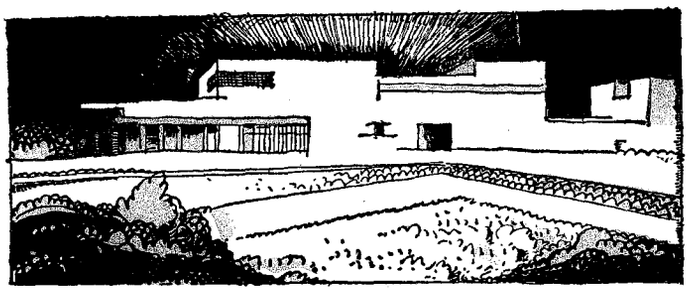
New Houses



by **WALTER B. PITKIN**

In that great to-morrow that lies just around the hands of the clock, we shall have a new house. What sort of an abode will it be? Could some major prophet spread before us all its plans and specifications, he would bewilder us perhaps as deeply as an account of this year's automobile would have bewildered the men of 1880. Do you doubt this? Then consider the few forebodings and anticipations which now fill the reverie of engineers and architects.

Ten million families now wretchedly housed in shabby or outmoded flats and bungalows sigh for a better Home, Sweet Home. Could they buy, fully fifty billion dollars in new business might be underwritten — and good-by, hard times! What hope of such a miracle? None, if cowards and ignoramuses and knaves run our factories. But a fair chance, if nerve and vision seize the reins. A fair chance, and no better! For, after the orders have been signed, all the forces of antiquity will rise to fight the vanguard of progress. Of this battle, more later. Look first at the New House.

What will determine its design? Surely no architect's fancy, but rather the three laws of social revolution: mass production, mass distribution, mass credit. These will settle which materials will be used, where the houses will be erected, and perhaps even who may live in them. Underneath these three laws, however, lies an ultimate principle which is not a matter of engineering or of architecture or of business, but rather of psychology. It is the principle of What People Want. It is the psychology of the consumer. Watch its weavings!

Where can mass production start? Only with the $5000 house. For this fits the average family purse, which endures a drain of $50 a month and no more for rent or purchase installments. The ten million families in search of such a home would, you see, buy some five billion dollars' worth of real estate every year for a stretch of ten years, if they could afford it, and if also they could be sure of getting their money's worth.

Whoever would seize this fifty-billion-dollar order must be a genius in economy, first of all. He must, for instance, adopt the shrewdest tricks of the Vertical Trust: he must buy the cheapest good land in large blocks, he must standardize building materials and operations to a nicety; he must erect dwellings by the hundred, never one by one; he must swing all the financing as a single unit transaction; and, after he has created new cities, he may even have to maintain central service stations for householders — maddest revolution of all!

Logically, then, he must bring together in a billion-dollar corporation large landowners, a few big banks, and the manufacturers of those building materials which are best suited to the mass production of $5000 houses. In each building district he opens a single central sample room under a single central sales force. There the prospective home buyer inspects plans, photographs, tract maps, sample tubs,

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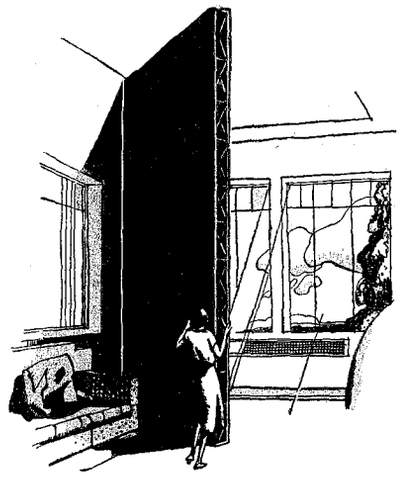
ice boxes, roofing, and what-not. In place of four and forty high-pressure salesmen, one or two low-pressure chaps — and what a cut in costs! Instead of four and forty separate installment contracts, with a first and a second mortgage thrown in, there will be a single purchase contract and a single series of monthly notes covering a ten-year period. This move alone would save around 15 per cent of the total cost.

How would such a housing corporation proceed with site and design? Look first at the land.

Few cities are suited to the New House. They have building laws that prevent the larger economies and the use of the best materials. Idiotic as the codes are, they will be defended by labor unions, petty contractors, lumber dealers, brick manufacturers, and the swarm of racketeering politicians who live off these. Then, too, city taxes and real estate speculation have pushed up the cost of lots in good localities far beyond the means of the small householder. A $5000 home must not occupy more than $500 worth of earth.

So our New House Trust will go miles beyond city limits, but within easy reach of motor highways and fast trains and busses. Tracts of from 1000 to 10,000 acres of open country will be assembled for $300 or $400 per acre, if not less. Twenty miles out from the shopping center but not farther! With eight houses to the gross acre, the cost of raw land amounts to only $40 or $50 per house; that allows as much as $350 for the improvements and the company's fair profit. The margin is ample, provided that streets, sidewalks, gas, water, and electricity are installed in one vast unit operation, let us say, for at least 200 dwellings and preferably for 500 and upward.



When the 1931–1932 highways are finished, thousands of sightly tracts between five and twenty miles distant from downtown will become available; so the company will be free to pick and choose on its own terms. It will have in its power the creating of a thousand new towns far from smoke and noise and graft and thugs. May it not cure the cancer of the American city by drawing all decent citizens away from it? Or is that too wild a hope? Only time will answer. Yet it is far from impossible that the company might accelerate the decentralizing to such a degree that most metropolitan centers would, by 1950 or 1960, be purely commercial-industrial centers and no more fit for human habitation than a soap factory.

Now the design of the New House will be worked out according to sundry guiding principles, of which the following are the most important:

1. The *house* itself must be conceived anew as a machine;

2. But the *home* must ever remain a work of art expressing the tastes and habits of its dwellers;

3. The design must harmonize the demands of mechanical efficiency with the taste of the occupant, the neighborhood, the site, and the cost;

4. Standardizing of sections and units must not interfere with variety in size, shape, color, and other factors of use and charm;

5. Labor costs must be cut to the bone, while material costs may, if need be, rise for the sake of permanence and comfort;

6. The appalling conservatism of the average man (not to mention Friend Wife) must be, at the outset, accepted as a brute fact; hence the design must enable the timid, the stupid, and the habit-slave to choose highly conventional bungalows and houses, at least in so far as mere appearances go;

7. For both economy and convenience, all major domestic equipment must be redesigned as integral parts of the house; there will be built-in refrigerators, built-in air conditioners, built-in washing machines, radios, incinerators, and so on, wholly displacing the portable units now in vogue;

8. As far as cost permits, the house must be fireproof, heatproof, dampproof, and soundproof; and it must admit a maximum of sunlight but no air save through a conditioning apparatus which removes dust (and some germs) and adjusts the temperature and humidity;

9. All equipment must be as nearly automa-

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tic and foolproof as possible, within the cost limits;

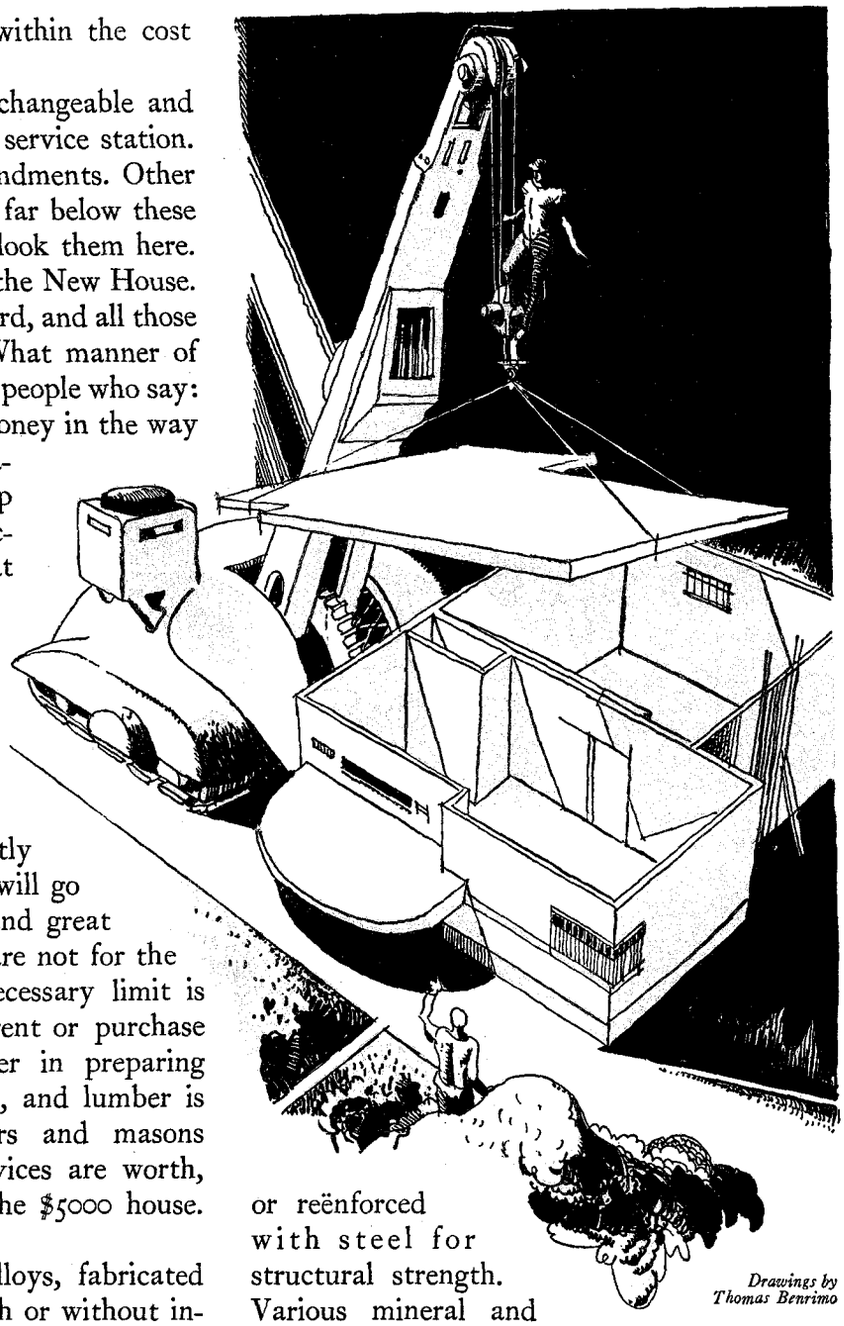
10. All parts must be interchangeable and readily available at a near-by service station.

These are the Ten Commandments. Other rules there are, but they rank far below these ten in importance, so we overlook them here. We must press on to glimpse the New House. Forget the timid soul, the dullard, and all those who cling to ancient ways. What manner of dwelling will be erected for the people who say: "We want the most for our money in the way of comfort, charm, and permanence. We don't give a whoop for the conventions in architecture. We're after results. What have you got for us?"

Well, here's part of what they'll get.

The new house will not be built of brick, or of stone, or (in most regions) of lumber. These materials are, in the long run, much too costly for a $5000 house. Rich folks will go on using them, to be sure; and great beauty will result. But they are not for the ten million families whose necessary limit is fifty dollars each month for rent or purchase installments. The labor either in preparing or in assembling stone, brick, and lumber is excessive; even if carpenters and masons charged only what their services are worth, that would be too high for the $5000 house. Well then, what?

Fabricated steel and its alloys, fabricated castings, fabricated glass (with or without integral metal), fabricated copper and brass, fabricated felt and asphaltum, fabricated insulating material, and the like will be used. Walls, roofs, floors, and partitions will be made in huge, heavy sections at the factory; and they will be assembled with tractor and crane, with riveting machine and with spot welders. The assembling machinery will itself be specially designed, of course. Aërated clay and aërated concrete will come in, too. These materials are blown full of tiny air bubbles, then hardened. They are only one-fifth as heavy as common brick and can be sawed to shape as easily as lumber, yet are made up in blocks or slabs of enormous size. They may be glazed, if wanted as waterproofing; or colored for decorative use; or reënforced with steel for structural strength. Various mineral and vegetable fibers will make the walls soundproof or nearly so, while serving also as insulators against heat and cold. These too will come in factory-made slabs, sheets, and blocks of standard unit dimensions.



Drawings by Thomas Benrimo

The New House will have no cellar. A hole in the ground no longer serves mankind. It was devised as a place for storing the winter's coal, apples, potatoes, and carrots, and for keeping cool the summer's milk. Later it was a place to put the furnace. To-day it is needed for none of these purposes. As it costs nearly one-third as much as the entire house, we save mightily by abolishing it. A tiny pit adjoining the kitchen will suffice for the furnace as well as for the hot water tank.

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True, the reverse may happen in colder latitudes — say from central New York northward to upper Quebec. The ideal home in those regions is double; one part for summer, and one for winter. Though no architect, so far as I know, has devised such, it seems predestined for the days when intelligent engineering displaces the mere artist and scholar. Summer days up north are just as long and hot as winter nights are long and cold; so no single design fully meets such opposed seasonal requirements. But into this special problem we shall not go now.

Building for Efficiency

Our house, in milder climes, will have no concrete or stone foundation walls, as a rule. It will be supported variously according to the subsoil and slope. On fairly level, firm, and not too stony land, it will rest on heavy rustless metal tubes driven four to six feet into the earth with our tractor and pile driver and then capped with heavy castings atop of which will be laid metal sills locked together, or possibly reënforced concrete slabs of much greater weight. This will turn out to be several hundred dollars cheaper than the ancient masonry; so we shall have that much more to spend on materials and equipments, hooray!

The floor will ride upon these sills. It will be fabricated, of course, in very large sections which can be assembled to fit any of a thousand house sizes and shapes. Here the rare variety of design first appears. The floor will be made of an underlayer of damp resisting, verminproof material such as reënforced hydraulic cement or a fine rustless metal web filled with asphaltum and stiffened with ribbing. The upper surface can be almost anything the householder wishes: linoleum cemented to the base slab, or cork composition, or hard rubber, or wood composition, or even a special concrete. Any such may best be affixed at the factory; but artistic interests may call for local application.

The New House will almost always be one story high. With cheap land and no expense for basement and foundation walls, the householder can afford the relatively expensive roof of a sprawling cottage. He will effect further economies as a result of having the outside walls erected in heavy sections and having the roof frame swung into position with tractor and crane. So he can also afford high-grade materials for insulating and soundproofing the walls.

Here his range of materials is much wider than may be imagined. We hear much about the revolutionary use of steel and copper for walls and roof; and, no doubt, these metals will come into general use ere long, especially in conjunction with insulating material. But we shall surely see, along with them, semi-flexible gypsum and semi-flexible pressed wood fiber and opaque or translucent glass. Each of these may be reënforced with metal for rigidity, as needed. And I venture the prophecy that, within a few more years, investigations lately launched will lead to radically novel forms of cotton boards or membranes of exceptional strength and lightness — thus helping the wretched Southern farmer out of his misery. Somewhat later will appear fiber boards of amazing strength, made mostly from heavy tropical grasses. These will be easily treated so as to become rotproof; and they will prove remarkable insulators, at the same time being so light that a whole house wall can be set into position in a few minutes.

These same pressed fiber boards can be made in huge sheets of any desired thickness for roofing; laid directly over the light steel roof frame, they will keep out heat, cold, and damp far more effectively than anything now in use costing half again as much. For the conservative builder, they can be surfaced in any old-fashioned manner, so as to look like traditional roofs. But no surfacing will be required by the progressive customer. In some climates a heavily asphalted canvas cover may be fitted over the fiber roof.

The interior walls may be finished to taste. They can be plain metal, or enameled metal, or painted metal; or they can be covered with wall paper or with canvas, either plain or designed. But there will be no old-style plastering, with its messiness, its expense, and its bad habit of absorbing moisture and smells. Fully twice as much wall area as is ordinarily occupied by windows will be given over to fixed glass in large metal frames which can be opened only by an act of Congress. As the house will have an air conditioning apparatus, windows must be kept shut, to prevent dust, odors, and drafts from negating it. Thus we save the cost of screens and many a broken pane.

Probably ultra-violet glass will not be used. The variety which admits large amounts of the

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healthful rays is much too costly; and the cheap kind loses its transparency to them in a few months, so has no advantage over common glass. Much more serviceable will be the sunlight electric bulb which, plugged in on the house line, delivers as much or as little ultraviolet as one wishes, at any hour of the day or night. Ten years hence, only scientists and historians will know anything about ultraviolet glass.

For some people the New House will have conventional fixed partitions of thin metal or composition, coated or lined with deadening felt or mineral fiber. But more advanced residents will insist on the novelty of the age, the movable partition. This can be pulled about simply by releasing, with a cam and lever, the top and bottom strips that press firmly against ceiling and floor. When Ma wants a card party to stay for dinner, she expands the dining room to double size; and when only she is home at noon, she may pull it in to half of normal. Whenever the family wearies of one arrangement of rooms, it can change the size and shape of as many as it pleases — and virtually make a new home in half an hour.

Entire closets of steel will also be available as partitions. And so will built-in dressers, divans, library shelving, and washstands. The partitions will be fastened to the backs of such and move with them as a unit. As the New House is a cottage, you see, the partitions carry no load whatever; hence they can well be made flexible and movable. What a relief to live in a transformable house! Lives there a veteran housewife who does not appreciate a quick change? And what price? Merely oiling the roller-bearing castors of the partition once a year.

Heating and Cooling

Heating and air conditioning must be considered together. The first sure trend here is the disappearance of radiators and heavy pipes; both hot water and steam will be abandoned in favor of a scientific use of treated air. The ordinary radiator is one of the most inefficient forms of heat transfer ever devised — let manufacturers protest as they will. The finest system for the New House will be a compact air conditioning unit hooked up in line with the heater, which will adjust the temperature of the inflow properly. The air will be heated either directly or through a metal membrane, probably through the latter; for the direct method can be done only with electricity — and it is to be doubted whether current can be furnished cheaply enough for that purpose. Flues will run under the floor at the outer walls, with long grilles over them at the coldest spots in the rooms. In colder regions, perhaps there will be a return to the Roman method of running a maze of pipes under the entire house floor and heating the latter thoroughly. The flame will pass directly through so that all transferable heat will pass into the floor before the gases are vented. No heating system is cheaper, none more efficient. But it necessitates a separate air conditioner, of course.

How about fuel? That will vary according to regions and purses and tastes. For the central half of America, natural gas will surely be used, in spite of its relatively high cost. In that region it costs about 2.9 times more than soft coal and 1.8 times more than anthracite, when available at seventy-five cents per thousand cubic feet. It ought to be available for less than half that price; in northern Texas now the commercial rate for quantity consumption is six cents per thousand cubic feet. And, as our New House will always be one of a community of several hundred dwellings, it ought to get cheap gas.

A vast Vertical Trust like ours could easily install central heating plants and operate them for a fraction of the cost of many individual outfits. It could own its own gas pipe lines, its own soft coal mines, its own furnace and boiler works, and its own air conditioning equipment factories. A single central plant serving 500 or more houses through underground air flues would be the last word in luxury. Close to gas fields, the Trust would use gas. Elsewhere it would more probably use soft coal in one of its newer forms. Coal flour under air pressure is one; then there is the as yet little understood German invention, liquefied coal, which will enter the American market soon. In Sioux City, Iowa, a company is pulverizing coal to the fineness of flour (a 300 mesh), putting the dust in tank trucks under fifty pounds of air pressure, squirting it through hose into house tanks, whence it is squirted by air pressure into the furnace, under automatic nozzle control. A ton of such coal flour delivers twice the heat we get from ordinary lumps of coal. Now, use such

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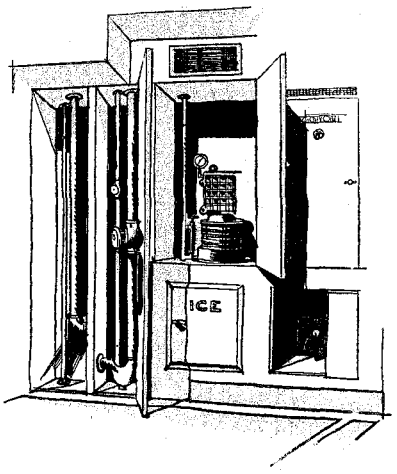
equipment in a single central plant, and you have a super-convenience with great economy. Whether the German liquefied coal will be cheaper and better remains to be proved. But its record in Germany is remarkable.

How about refrigeration? The New House will probably contain no such crude devices as the electric ice boxes now in common use. These are a mere transition from the crude old contraptions of yesterday to something radically new. Two prospects loom. One is community refrigeration from a central plant, precisely like community heating and air conditioning. The other is dry ice in package form. Neither has — so far as I know — been tried yet. Each is an engineering possibility, no mere dream.



A central air conditioning plant requires means of heating the air and means of chilling it. So a refrigerating unit would be needed anyhow; by installing a larger one and hooking it up two ways, the managers could readily chill the built-in ice boxes of their community and cool the house air in a single operation. No portable ice boxes will be used, of course; all will be permanent constructions and therefore much better insulated and much solider than the present types. Needless to say, too, the built-in sort can be far cheaper.

In some regions and for certain types of houses and people, dry ice will be preferred. Ere long somebody will make the first effort to produce it in special forms for home use; but much planning and capital will be necessary. No special ice box is needed; in fact, some features of common boxes may be dispensed with, notably the drain; for dry ice, which is mere carbon dioxide, evaporates into an odorless, harmless gas free from all moisture. A central station will some day make it, put it up in standardized thermos bottles or boxes, deliver these to homes, pick up the empties just as your milkman now does, and send in the bill on the first of the month. The housewife will be able to order a box, or a dozen, or a hundred of them; so that she may, if she wishes, carry a whole summer's stock of cooling in a special closet. A plain $15 to $25 ice box will serve her, which is quite a saving when you consider that the average price of electric ice boxes is now about $290. Mass production of dry ice can bring its cost down pretty close to that of the electric current needed for cooling.

Let's go out into the kitchen. Here, more than elsewhere, we see the Machine Age. You see no stove, no hot water tank, no ice box, no sink, no laundry tubs — nothing but plain walls, a table, and a few chairs. It looks as if the folks hadn't moved in yet. But examine more closely.

Along the north and west walls you see doors. Open one, and there's the built-in ice box. Open the next: the mangle and other minor laundry equipment appear. Now the next — the laundry tubs. The next — the sink. Then a warming cabinet. Then a small closet in which you see all the main drain pipes, flues, water pipes, gas pipes, electric wires, and their attendant meters and valves — all accessible without ripping up floors or even moving a chair. Finally you reach a queer spot; a big closet right next to the main pantry, and in it a single sizable motor below which, on a broad bench, stand a dozen small devices — a power egg beater, a power dough mixer, a power fruit press, a power meat chopper, and what-not. Now you reach the last door; behind it, and down four steps, you find a small pit where stand the air conditioner and the house heater. If you are in a district that has community heating, there will be no pit but only a small closet with a few controls and meters.

The warming cabinet deserves a word. It is heavily insulated and contains a small electric heater. In effect it is a tiny steam table. In it the housewife can stack hot food enough for a week or even a month. She will no longer have to follow the inane custom of stopping three times a day to peel potatoes, wash carrots, and cook. She may do as the French do: start a soup on New Year's Day and keep it simmering until next Christmas. She will learn that many a dish improves enormously with aging, like old wines. With practice she may cook only once or twice a week. A saving of perhaps

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fifteen hours a week — time enough to acquire a college education!

"But it's washing dishes that takes time and elbow grease!" says Dame Wife. Well, the New House will take care of that with a chemical-mechanical washer. Just as modern laundries use chemicals instead of soap, so will the future kitchen. The washer will be built in, of course; the dishes will be racked and rotated under a high-pressure spray of hot water and chemicals; then rinsed and dried in the same container, merely by turning a switch.

Last of all, we inspect the plumbing. It's almost entirely flexible copper tubing, with fittings which any small boy can attach, knock down, or repair in a jiffy. Gone the days when a twelve-dollar-a-day plumber, aided by an eight-dollar-a-day simpleton, toils away forty dollars' worth of time getting around a few corners with elbows, tees, risers, nipples, and drain cocks. The flexible copper tubing is assembled with its unions and valves at the factory; everything is cut to measure, rolled up in a coil, and set in position by semi-skilled labor. The cost is perhaps one-third that of the antiquated iron pipe and plumber. All pipes are carried in wall recesses and are accessible through wall doors. No more ripping, smashing, tearing, disjointing, patching, and messing up things generally!

The fewest changes of all will appear in the bathroom, which is the forerunner and vanguard of American civilization. The venerable bath tub will not wholly disappear, as some now fancy; for it serves certain people, especially the rheumatic and the aged and the very young, far better than the fancy shower. Probably the $5000 house cannot afford a shower room with attachments for all varieties of spray and massage; but slightly more expensive houses will enjoy what are to-day the extravagances of the supersanitary rich.

Domestic Services, Inc.

How about decorations? We step now into darkness. No prophet dares speak here, except in negative phrases. We may be fairly sure that mankind's insatiable craving for variety will be satisfied increasingly. And the mass production of decorative effects will enable folks to change things overnight. A skilled crew with power paint sprayers will appear on demand and, in a trice, change the outside of the New House from gray to yellow; or retint the kitchen walls while the coffee's a-boiling. It will even lay a new floor over the old one between breakfast and luncheon. And all for a fixed service charge. That brings us to the boldest and most hopeful crystal gazing in our present repertory.

The average man and his wife yearn for service, first and last. Whoever gives it to them gets their money and their blessings. The automobile business proved that for all time. The wonder is that so few other enterprises have equaled that one. Perhaps it is as well that most have failed, for that will facilitate the advent of a general domestic service corporation — a subsidiary of our Vertical Trust. When that arrives and gets busy, what a howl will rend the heavens! One howl of joy from a million housewives, and one howl of rage from a million piddling little tinsmiths, painters, odd-job carpenters, lawn-mowing Africans, glaziers with glazed eyes, one-armed paper hangers, plumbers with wipe joints and sleeping sickness, shifty little contractors who slip in No. 2 fir for Clear when you aren't looking, and all that sorry riffraff of half-extinct but still busy hangovers from the Middle Ages, with their politicians and racketeers and shyster lawyers. For the Domestic Services, Inc. will displace them all, render far better workmanship, and charge much less than all these, who are the stupidest and most incompetent workers in our Western world.

The Domestic Services, Inc. will maintain one central station in each town of New Houses. It will be open day and night, including all holidays. It will maintain one or more service trucks in which there will be equipment for every common repair or replacement in the New House. Every householder will have, posted on a bulletin board in the kitchen, all the fixed service charges; so there will be no misunderstandings and no bitterness. What a hotel manager is to his guests, this truck and crew will be to its town.

About this time, look out for mobs and bullets! There is no single force mightier in dirty city politics than the building trades gang — embracing everybody from night watchmen and water boys up to the big contractors and subdivision operators. Once they suspect that their graft is being undermined by civilization, what a rumpus they'll start!

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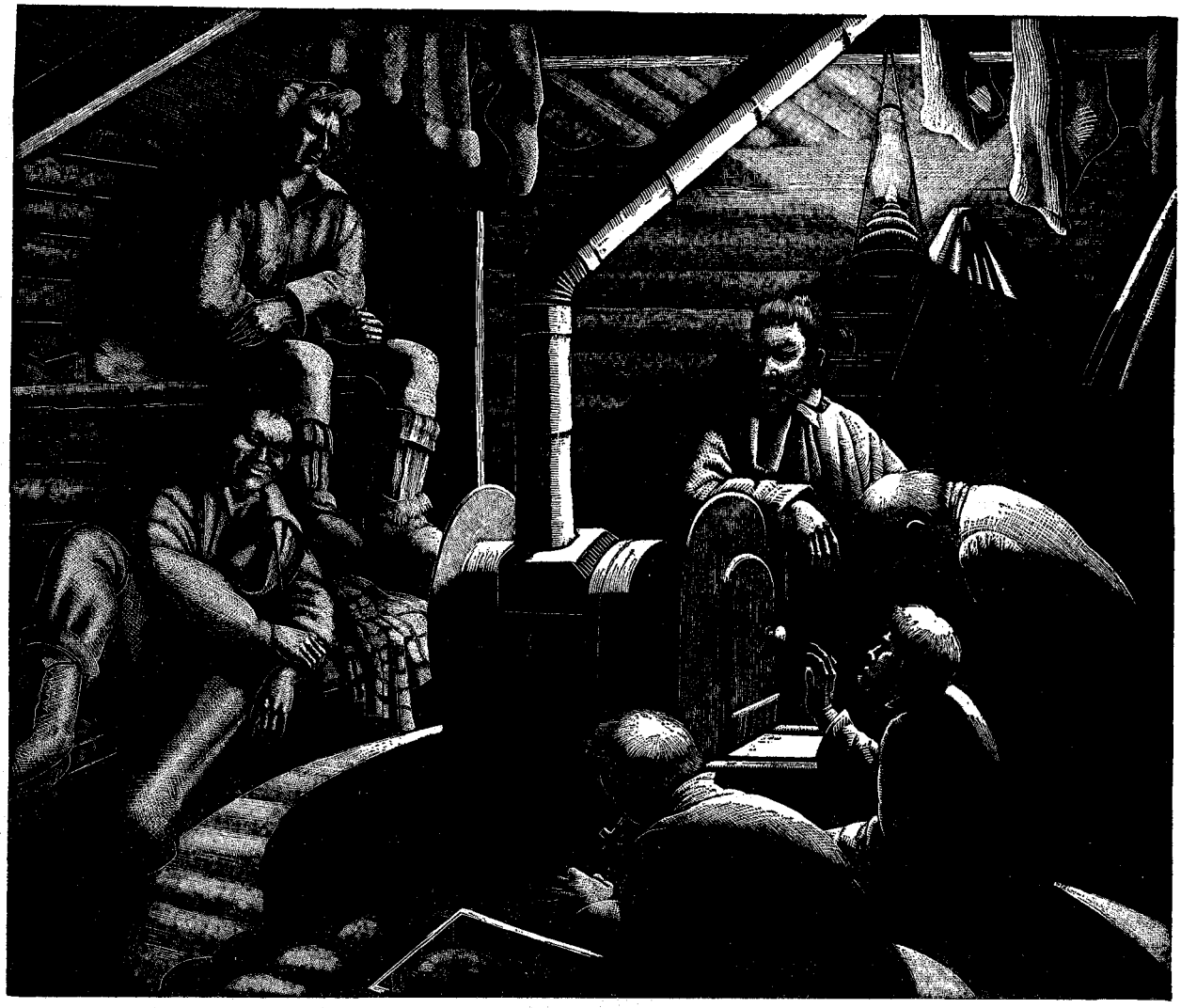

RESTING

LUMBERJACKS

Six Woodcuts

by **CLARE LEIGHTON**

(From the Collection of William Edwin Rudge)

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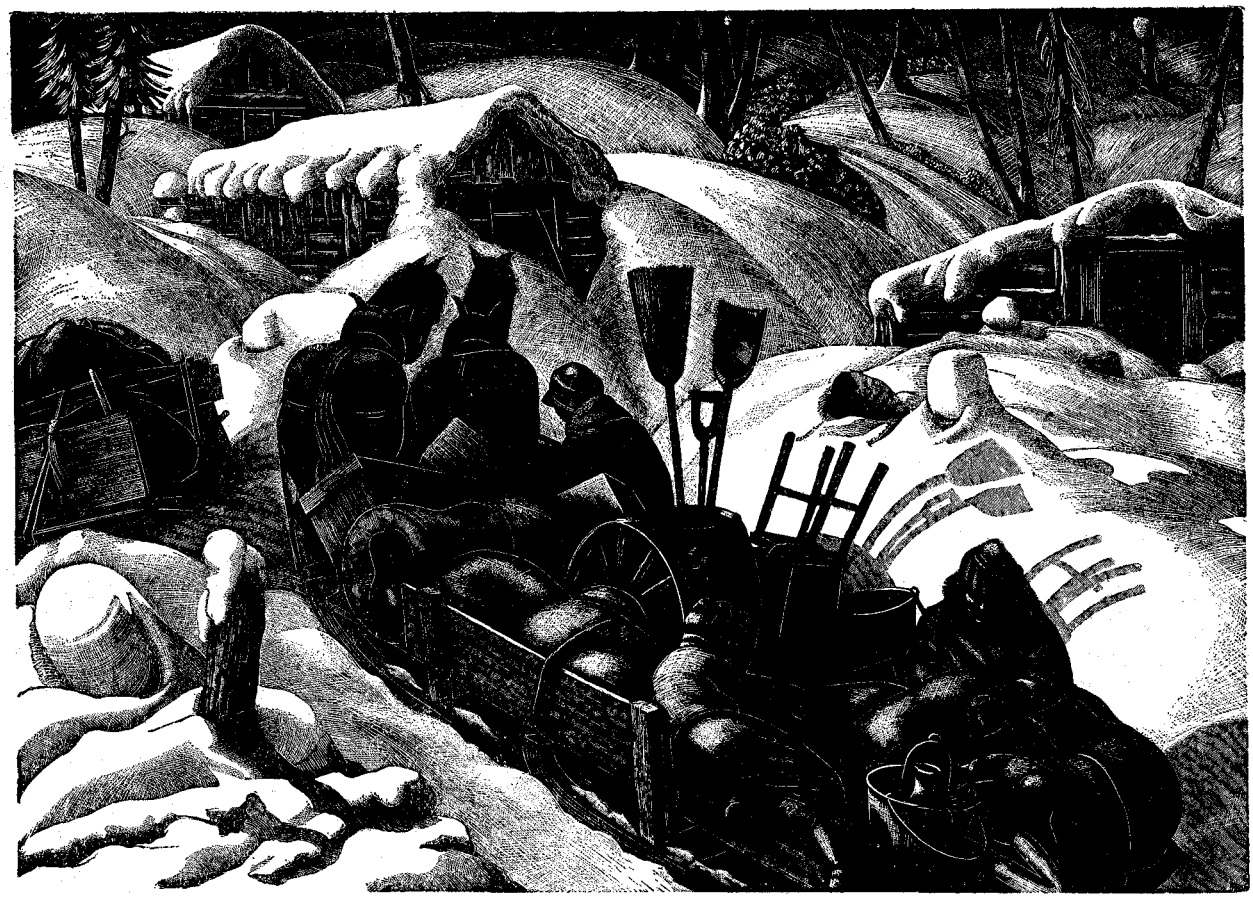

BREAKING CAMP

LIMBING

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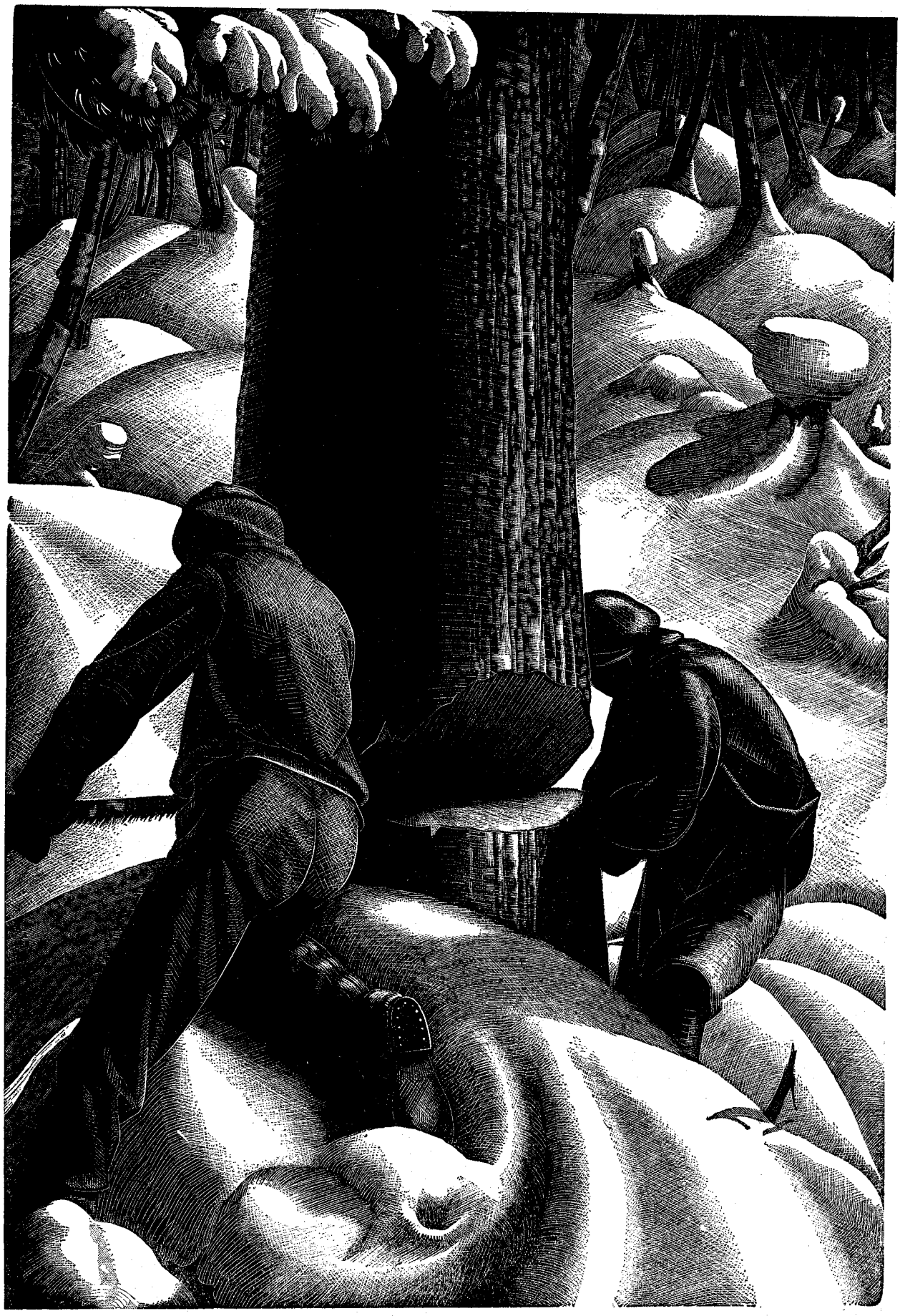

CUTTING

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LANDING

LOADING

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The Gold Standard

Must We Let Its Ups and Downs Ruin Us?

by **WILLIAM C. EWING**

THE EXPERIENCES of the past two years have resulted in a great deal of thought concerning the desirability of radical changes in our industrial system. And at the same time we have been seeking the reasons behind the depression in which we now find ourselves. Many concomitant causes have been named. Weather conditions affect the farmers; developments in the moving picture business throw musicians out of work; new inventions affect the stability of employment of wage-earners; changes in the tariff may make or break manufacturers. What has often been overlooked, however, is the fact that each one of these classes, and every individual in the land, is affected by one constantly active factor — our unstable monetary system.

If a farmer contracted to deliver wheat at a fixed price per bushel, and discovered when the time for delivery arrived that the bushel was three times as large as when he made his contract, no one would marvel that the prosperity of farmers fluctuated. Likewise, if the ton or the yard were subject to variations of 200 per cent, merchants would readily understand the reason for fluctuations in their profits. But we are so accustomed to variations in our unit of value that, until quite recently, scarcely anybody gave consideration to the subject, though such variations have greatly exceeded 200 per cent. Before last summer's drought the editor of an influential farm journal in the Middle West estimated, by careful deductions, that the recent misfortunes of the farmers were due 40 per cent to variations in the purchasing power of money and 60 per cent to all other causes combined — weather, bad judgment, vegetable and live stock diseases, and so on.

Certainly fluctuating money values outrank the much discussed "overproduction" as a cause of national depressions. Indeed, overproduction is not a cause but an effect of business instability. There are two kinds of overproduction: the actual but rare production of goods beyond the possibility of consumption, and the production of goods beyond the ability of consumers to purchase, even though the need for consumption equals or exceeds the production.

The former type of overproduction, sometimes encouraged by legislation in an endeavor to secure certain national objectives, has occurred in sugar, coffee, and perhaps in copper and a few other products. Of the second kind of overproduction, innumerable examples could be cited, such as the overproduction of foodstuffs and clothing while thousands of people are going hungry and in tatters. Professor G. F. Warren, of Cornell University, points out that during the years 1919 to 1929 "food and feed crops could decrease 1 per cent and population increase 16 per cent, and still we could have a disastrous depression due to overproduction."

As a matter of fact, the period was not one of overproduction but one of poor distribution, as at present. The careful studies of Mr. Carl Snyder, Statistician of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York, show clearly that neither in foodstuffs nor in commodities as a whole has world production since the war exceeded the previous rate of increase. The logical conclusion to be drawn from his work is that we cannot reasonably hold that overproduction in industry has caused the present business depression.

EFFECTS OF INCREASE IN MONEY VALUE

WHEN, for any reason, the amount of money in relation to the needs of business becomes less, each dollar will buy more of the goods in which we trade, just as a shortage in the cotton crop tends to make each pound of cotton more valuable. Variations in the value of money are measured by changes in the level of prices — not in the price of any single com-

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modity which may be specifically affected by local conditions of weather, strikes, increase in manufacturing efficiency, *etc.*, but in the prices of all commodities: in what is called "the general price level." Indexes of the general price level are issued regularly by various authorities, including the Federal Reserve Banks, Professor Irving Fisher, and the Federal Bureau of Labor Statistics, this last being based on the prices of more than five hundred commodities. Let us now see what is the effect on business and social conditions when money increases in value; that is to say, when prices persistently fall.

When prices are falling, prudent people delay their buying as long as possible. If a grocer needs a new delivery truck, and if the price of delivery trucks has been falling during the past year and gives promise of continuing to fall, he will not only wait until next month to buy a new truck, he will wait until his old truck falls to pieces. And he will be quite right, for by such methods he may be able to pull through hard times instead of going to the wall as so many of his competitors are doing.

This is equally true of every other merchant, of manufactures, of railroads, and even of ultimate consumers except when they are buying immediate necessities. A printer of Christmas cards, with plants in various parts of the country, told me a year ago that he had sent out his agents in the spring as usual to get orders for the 1930 Christmas trade, but that they had returned without the expected orders because all the dealers had decided to wait before placing their orders, to see how the market was going and how largely people would probably buy. Of course that meant shutting down his plants and throwing his employees out of work. And what his customers were doing to him he was undoubtedly doing to the manufacturers from whom he purchased his raw materials; for he certainly would not be foolish enough to place a year's order for paper on a falling market.

This attitude is equally characteristic of the retail merchants. They organize "buy now" campaigns, but they themselves do not "buy now." Store managers in various parts of the country tell me that it has become a fixed policy to keep in stock only what can be sold immediately. Some are ordering each week goods which they formerly bought in monthly or larger lots. "Buy now" campaigns, on a falling market, can appeal only to the improvident or to persons who are so wealthy that they can afford to be uneconomical. No prudent person will buy today what he knows he can get cheaper next month, unless the goods purchased are immediate necessities.

This unwillingness to buy on a falling market may begin with the ultimate consumer; but it very quickly brings about the same attitude on the part of the retail and wholesale merchants, the manufacturers and the producers of raw materials. All along the line it means unemployment, part-time work, or cuts in wages; and this, in turn, lessens the buying power of the community and thus further depresses business. It must be apparent that *the only way to break this vicious circle is to stop the downward trend of prices*. If our grocer learns that the price of trucks is going up next month, he will place his order immediately; if he could be assured that prices would move neither up nor down, he would buy reasonably whenever the needs of his business required. Incidentally, he would be saved the necessity of gambling on whether future prices would move up or down — a subject to which every merchant must now give the most careful thought.

The effect on farmers of the fall of prices since the war is well illustrated by one class of cases out of several which might be cited, that of enlargement of farms. Ten years ago farmers were encouraged to increase their production. Many of them purchased additional land at the going prices of that day. To-day they are trying to pay off their mortgages with money which is worth 40 per cent more than it was when they borrowed it. The result is very serious for the farmers and for all who are dependent upon them. One indication of their disaster may be seen in the statistics of bank failures in the farming districts.

Effects of Decrease in Money Value

From the facts already considered, it follows, *per contra*, that industry and trade will be stimulated by a continuous rise in the general price level: everyone will then rush to buy for future, as well as for present, needs, knowing that delay will result in having to pay higher prices.

By increasing the available amount of money in proportion to the needs of business the

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general level of prices can be forced up, and the stimulation of business and the reëmployment of the unemployed will result. But such a rise in the price level brings with it evils which are not less serious than those resulting from falling prices. Even in the day of its prosperity, industry experiences difficulties due to the necessity of increasing wages and salaries to meet the increased cost of living. Within a twelve-month period of rising prices the United States has suffered from four thousand strikes.

But the greatest burden of rising prices falls upon others than manufacturers and merchants. It falls chiefly upon people who have fixed incomes. To a certain extent this class includes wage earners, since an increase in wages always lags behind the increase in the cost of living. This lag is much greater in the case of salaried employees; in fact, there are certain classes of salaried people with whom this lag is so great as to be tragic. Many will remember poignantly the economic condition of salaried professional people at the close of the war, when a dollar was worth less than half of what it was five years before.

Endowed institutions, including most of our colleges, are very hard hit by the lessening of the value of money, since their income is fixed not in value but in the number of dollars. Staffs of such institutions often accept relatively small salaries because of retirement pensions and exceptional permanence; but permanence is a doubtful asset when the salary is only half the cost of living.

Another class of persons who lose by the decrease in the value of money is those who have laid away money, as such. A person who deposited $1000 in a savings bank in 1915 and withdrew it in 1920 would have found that $1000 plus interest was worth less than half what it was when he left it with the bank. Similarly, a person who took out adequate life insurance in 1915 and died in 1920 would have left his family dependent instead of independent, as he had planned. There may not be any great public sympathy for the idle rich who live on the income of investments made by their parents, yet there has been many a tragedy in the lives of crippled orphans, of elderly ladies untrained for labor, and of other worthy people whose futures have been planned by those responsible for their welfare — a welfare which is jeopardized by rising prices.

Allowance for increased efficiency in industry and other detailed points are worthy of careful study; but it is quite safe to say in general that the social welfare of our country demands absolutely that our unit of value shall not fluctuate. We do not know whether this ideal can ever be fully attained; we do know that it can be closely approached, that to a great extent monetary fluctuations can be eliminated. Those fluctuations have indeed already been modified to a considerable extent by one alone of the several methods which are under consideration.

Suggested Plans for Stabilization

Before examining detailed plans for stabilization, let us note certain general considerations which must influence us in forming judgments. We should realize that the problem of unstable currency is an international problem; if there was ever a time when we might have solved this problem for ourselves, that time is now definitely past. International exchange would wreck any plan that might be designed on a purely national basis. Also, if we may judge by past experience, we must realize that any plan is imperfect which relies largely upon the judgment of men who may, even honestly, favor the interests of some particular class or be subject to political influence. My own belief is that the automatic — the gyroscopic — working of any plan is essential to its perfection; we should never think of permitting any group of men to determine when a pound should equal fifteen ounces and when it should be changed to seventeen; it is far more important that the unit of value should be independent of human frailties than that the unit of weight should be thus independent.

There are four types of stabilization plans which are being given serious consideration:

The Central Bank Plan. All the progress which has been made up to this time in stabilizing monetary units has been made by this plan. Many of the world's leading bankers are endeavoring to secure national stability through their central banks and are hoping that the Bank for International Settlements, at Basle, will be a powerful agency for bringing about international stability. In our own country, the Federal Reserve System has exerted such a stabilizing influence that most observers believe that but for its salutary influence we

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should have suffered a far worse debacle than we have experienced during the past years. The Federal Reserve officials do not make any exorbitant claims along this line; they realize that certain notable successes in stabilizing the value of the dollar may be matched by failures, due sometimes to the newness of the system and sometimes to pressure by the Treasury Department. They oppose legislation requiring them to keep the general price level stable, partly because they are not sure that they could always obtain that result and partly because they do not dare to experiment very much with such a powerful engine.

The great inflation of 1919–1920, from whose reaction we are now suffering, was due to action which was forced upon the Federal Reserve System by the national administration, under emergency war legislation. If Congress could make such action possible in time of war, it can do so at other times if there is sufficient pressure from interested classes. The present personnel of the Federal Reserve System is greatly interested in securing stability of the dollar; but this is not their first duty as prescribed by Congress. Moreover, this personnel is determined by a combination of Presidential appointment and election by commercial banks. It is conceivable that at some future time this combination might replace the present Federal Reserve officials with men concerned only with the interests of some particular class.

Whatever we may think of the dangers of requiring the Federal Reserve System to stabilize the dollar, or of leaving stabilization to the judgment of its officers, as is now the practice, it must be admitted that at the present time the Federal Reserve System and similar central banks in other countries are our sole reliance in preventing violent fluctuations in the purchasing power of money.

The Fiat Money Plan. A generation ago it was the "long-haired, wild-eyed" agitator who suggested doing away with a metallic base for our currency. To-day we find serious economists citing the fact that since the war we have reduced our legal gold reserve ratio to 40 per cent and have left in the hands of officials the determination of the amount of money to be issued. They ask why we should not carry this scheme to its logical conclusion by reducing the gold reserve to zero, since the value of money is dependent upon its amount rather than upon our ability to exchange it for gold. The objection to this plan is the same as the objection to our Federal Reserve legislation: the question whether such powers should be left to any group of officials and whether, in time of emergency, Congress will not require these officials to inflate the currency. If it is true that history repeats itself, this is a dangerous plan. But perhaps we have become so wise that we can avoid repeating the mistakes of the past.

The Compensated Dollar Plan. This is the most fundamental plan yet proposed. Instead of increasing or decreasing the amount of available money, as in the Central Bank Plan, it determines by definition that a dollar shall be that number of ounces of gold which shall be necessary to purchase a fixed quantity of goods, as determined by the index number of the general price level. Theoretically this would seem to give a unit of value which would be unchanging; but in practice it would be necessary to adjust the weight of the dollar at fixed intervals, as weekly or monthly, or at whatever time is necessary to keep the fluctuations of value within fixed bounds. This, however, could be relied upon to keep the purchasing power within very narrow limits, while our lack of plan in the past has resulted in variations of nearly 300 per cent. As at present developed, the weakness of this plan is in the field of international exchange; unless the principal countries adopted this plan at the same time, all the gold might be drained out of the country which alone adopted it, or all the world's gold might be attracted to that country.

From a scientific point of view this plan is interesting because it attacks the root of instability. For our unit of length we have the invariable distance between two marks on a bar in the Bureau of Standards; for our unit of capacity we have a definite number of cubic inches; for our unit of weight we have the weight of a particular piece of metal in the Bureau of Standards; but for our unit of value we have, not a specific value, but a certain number of grains of gold. This plan proposes to substitute for this weight unit a value unit.

The Mine Control Plan. Professor Lehfeldt, of South Africa, proposed, in view of the threatened shortage in the supply of gold in the near future, that those nations which produce the world's gold should take over the mines within their boundaries and, by joint

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action, control their output as well as the proportion of that output which should be allowed to flow into commercial use. This would make it possible for the gold base of the various national currencies to be kept at such amounts as might be necessary in order to stabilize the units of value of each nation. Aside from the difficulty of securing such united action, this plan has the defect of dealing only with the gold base. Since most of our transactions are by the medium of paper money and bank checks, we should still have to control the purchasing power of our money through the central bank or other method.

Bimetallism is another plan by which it has been proposed to accomplish much the same purpose as that at which the Lehfeldt plan aims. Under the bimetallic plan, the dwindling gold supply would be supplemented by the use of silver at such ratio as would keep the two metals at parity as a basis for the credit structure. Economists are practically united in the opinion that bimetallism would be ineffective on a national basis. International bimetallism would have, in addition to the difficulties of the Lehfeldt plan, the added problem of adjusting the ratio between two metals as their production varied independently of each other.

Protecting the Monetary Machine

It is by no means impossible that the ultimate solution will be a combination of two or more of the proposed plans. The problem of stabilization has its complications, though they seem not to be insuperable. So long as we hold to the gold standard in its present form, we must consider the subject as made up of two elements: the gold base and the superstructure of credit. Concerning the gold base, the Harvard Economic Society has said: "If the decline in gold production now in prospect after 1935 is followed by a serious decline of commodity prices, this result will be due not to inescapable economic law but to causes wholly within the control of human volition." Most authorities agree that we can similarly control our credit structure if we put our minds to it.

After the Civil War inflation, we suffered for thirty years from declining prices, unemployment, bad business, and social misery, mitigated only by occasional brief periods of relief due to business cycles. Since the World War we have gone through the first ten years of deflation. Shall we stand quietly by during the next twenty years until we again reach the low level of 1896? There are those who would like to have us do so; and some of them are powerful. They claim that these violent fluctuations drive out of business the weaklings and encourage efficiency; and as they themselves are numbered among the strong ones, they welcome such a development.

Monetary stabilization is not a panacea. It will not cure all of our social and industrial ills. It will, however, greatly mitigate them. It will relieve the business man of most of his present necessity for gambling on the future of prices; it will make possible the regularization of general business and of employment; it will relieve most of the social distress which results from irregular employment outside of the strictly seasonal trades. It will remove the greatest single cause of fear from both the wage-earner and his employer. It will give security to the investor as distinguished from the speculator; it will encourage thrift by ensuring a return of real values from savings bank and life insurance investments.

Whether we shall have a stabilized purchasing power for our money depends upon two factors: the working out of technical methods by the economists and an intelligent demand on the part of the general public. In one or the other of these ways every leader of thought can exert a constructive influence. The traditional American spirit of adventure is appealed to by the statement of Sir Charles Addis that "It is simply intolerable that we should continue to sit with folded hands while industry and trade throughout the world are becoming the sport of our ineffectual monetary systems. We must be masters in our own house, the rulers, and not the slaves of money." From his earliest school days, the American child is led to revere the spirit of our pioneer fathers which led them to create ordered progress in the wilderness and to attack fearlessly conditions which were almost beyond the power of men to control. And shall we, their children, admit that we are unable to control our own invention, that in our monetary system we have created a monster which periodically makes life difficult for most of us and intolerable for some? Or shall we determine that we will perfect the monetary machine so that it shall never again be a menace to our business and social life?

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Radio and the Censors

by **VITA LAUTER** *and* **JOSEPH H. FRIEND**

When the radio trust, captained by the Radio Corporation of America, finally perfected its superorganization it inaugurated a program of philanthropic benevolence so self-confessedly altruistic and generous that skeptics at once became suspicious. They lifted eyebrows when the N.B.C. system corralled 74 high-powered stations with the best wave lengths, and have lifted them even higher on learning that out of the 1105 stations operating in 1924 only 611 are still running. The skeptics remember that the only rival of the N.B.C. is the Columbia chain, and that many of the patents used in its 72 stations are controlled directly or indirectly by the ubiquitous R.C.A. What is this, ask the doubting — a monopoly?

It isn't a monopoly, answer the radio gentlemen, because monopolies are forbidden; but even if it were a monopoly, it would benefit Our Vast Unseen Audience. After all, the idea is not to make money: witness General Electric's statement that "the R.C.A. was created in order to carry out the expressed wishes and desires of the United States, communicated by its officers and servants." Witness further Mr. Powel Crosley, Jr., another aërial bigwig, who says wistfully that "we do hope some day to show a small profit from our broadcasting operations and tremendous investments therein, but as income increases it goes back into better and better programs and more and more operating costs. The public benefits." Well, maybe. . . .

But the public loses, too, and one of its major losses is the privilege of hearing both sides of questions and controversies (and sometimes even one side) which might well be sandwiched in now and then between Kate Smith and the Nitwits. True enough, we enjoy what General Harbord terms "the highest possible grade of entertainment," but the broadcasters have taken it upon themselves to render this entertainment not only palatable but wholesome. This has been accomplished in the usual simple and effective fashion — censorship has been instituted. By the use of this sieve, every possibly unAmerican and harmful ingredient (Bolshevism, Communism, Socialism, sex, free thought, *Naktkultur*, atheism, liberalism, radicalism, pessimism, *etc.*) has been kept out of the ambrosia fed to listeners-in; and retained has been every worth-while, decent, American, nourishing substance (Evangeline Adams, the Rise of the Goldbergs, Mary and Bob and their weekly True Story). The result of this censorship of broadcasting has been, as in the instance of the movies and the mails, rarely useful, often vicious, still more often comical, and usually diverting and significant.

You Can't Say That!

Radio censorship, practiced by all commercial broadcasters, is governed throughout by the caprice of the broadcaster, who is limited only by the provisions of the Federal Radio Act of 1927. This act, whereby the Federal Radio Commission came into being, gave to the Commission licensing rights over all commercial radio stations. The licensing authority entailed, however, "no power of censorship or the power to interfere with free speech." It imposed but two obligations on the broadcaster. The first was that "no person may utter any obscene, indecent, or profane language by means of radio communication," and the second that "whenever a licensee permits a candidate for public office to use a broadcasting station he must afford other candidates for that office equal opportunities. The candidates' communications may not be censored by the licensee."

This last dictate means little, and has frequently been ignored with easy grace by the broadcasters. The joker lies in the "obscene, indecent, or profane language" provision, which can be interpreted to suit the whim of

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each station. Consider the case of one Robert G. Duncan, the "Oregon Wildcat," who, while a candidate for public office (and hence not subject to censorship by the licensee), spoke over KVEP, in Portland, inveighing against chain stores and lumber monopolies and the men who headed them. Prominent Portlanders, feeling themselves to have been libeled and otherwise injured, appealed to the Federal Radio Commission against KVEP with the result that the station lost its license and Mr. Duncan was clapped in jail. Mr. Ira A. Robinson, Chairman of the Commission in 1930, declared: "License to insult one's enemies as well as the decency of American authority has no protection under the Radio Act. It may as well be proclaimed that this Commission knows its province and duty in instances like this and that it may be relied on to fulfil it in the public interest."

Even when no appeal is made to the objectionable language clause, a broadcaster can easily find means to keep an obnoxious political candidate off the air. The candidate may be told that the station has sold all of its best time and has nothing left save some useless early morning hour. Or he may be put off with a device clearly in violation of the Commission's policy, as happened to Mr. B. Fishback, a candidate for the office of State's Attorney in Orlando, Florida. Mr. Fishback applied to the Orlando Broadcasting Company to buy time and speak over its station. His appeal was granted and the time determined was paid for by him. But soon thereafter he was informed that he must first submit his speech to the company's attorney for approval. This qualification Mr. Fishback refused, and brought suit, complaining "that in his campaign many charges were made against him by an opponent who spoke from the station; that there is no other station in the territory that he can use to fight back, that he will suffer loss if he is not allowed to reply." The case is still pending.

Various other little tricks are employed to keep undesirable political speakers off the air. There is the case of Victor Berger, the late Socialist Congressman and Mayor of Milwaukee. At a celebration of the thirteenth anniversary of the *Jewish Daily Forward*, in April, 1927, Mr. Berger arose to make a speech, cheered on by his fellow Socialists. His words were to be broadcast, arrangements having been made with WJZ, the key station of the Blue Network on the N.B.C. system. Mr. Berger grew more and more fervent in his oratory, and as he came to an eloquent climax, "charging that capitalism had control over the American President, radio, and the schools," the microphone set before him was hastily carried off the platform: the ladies and gentlemen of the radio audience had again been safeguarded from the Red Menace. Mr. Berger interrupted himself only long enough to remark that such a thing would not have happened to Messrs. Coolidge and Hoover, which is certainly true enough, and continued his address. At the station it was explained that the Berger program had run the length of time for which arrangements had been made and that a hasty switch had been necessitated — a switch to exercises at St. George's Church, of all places. The Federal Radio Commission complacently accepted this excuse, adding that it possessed no power to censor nor any power to act in such a case.

Mr. Berger might have known better. Socialists, Pacifists, Communists, laborites, and such are almost always denied the use of the air on one pretext or another. Only the Socialists and laborites own stations from which to circulate their creeds. But WEVD in New York, named in honor of Eugene V. Debs, is weak and ineffectual, for its power is small, its hours limited and poor, and its license continually stands in peril of removal for trifling misdemeanors. WCFL, the station of the Chicago Federation of Labor, has not been able to secure permission to use the valuable evening hours, so that its opportunity of reaching the workers is practically nil. All other minority factions are quite out of the broadcasting jamboree. They rarely can buy time from an important station, and are usually too poor to purchase it when the privilege is extended to them.

Equally amusing as the Berger parable was the plight of Mrs. Mary Al Ford, speaking at an "All Nations' Association" dinner in honor of Mrs. Corson, who was sailing to start practice for her English Channel swim. Mrs. Ford said: "We are proud that Mrs. Corson is a woman, proud that she comes from Denmark, that country which upholds an ideal of peace, that country which said to the enemy, 'If you must cut through our country, even if you must

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cut through our women and children —'." Whatever else Mrs. Ford may have said remained a dark secret to her radio listeners. As the station manager of what was then WGL of New York explained the next day: "We let her continue to actuate the microphone, but switched another microphone into the circuit, which picked up the music of another orchestra. The music was much louder than the voice, and therefore it sounded like two programs overlapping, with the orchestra blanketing the voice so that no one could understand the pacifist plea. . . . We believe in free speech and I have always been willing to extend the use of our station to anyone to express his views, but there are certain things which are dictated by good taste. This was not the time nor the occasion for such a speech."

The station's action was loudly applauded by members and friends of the American Legion, who praised the manager's staunch stand. WGL further confirmed its righteously conservative position when it refused to broadcast the pacifist play, *Spread Eagle*. This time the apology was delivered by the broadcasting company's president, Louis Landes, who said: "This action has been decided upon after due consideration of criticism made by veteran organizations, and as this company consists mainly of veterans of the World War it will under no circumstances broadcast anything that has not the full endorsement of veteran and patriotic organizations."

But WGL, shaking off any possible accusations of bigotry and narrowness, vindicated itself in July, 1927, when it received into its bosom one Fred B. Shaw, a fishing expert. Mr. Shaw had been scheduled to speak over Columbia's WABC on the subject of bait for trout fishing, but this was prevented through the machinations of the Izaak Walton Club, of which he was a member. It seems that Mr. Shaw had intended to deliver a speech fraught with praise of worms as trout bait. Now Calvin Coolidge was accustomed to use these same worms, or some very like them, in his searchings after trout: the practice was wholly unorthodox among the best trout fishermen, all of whom used flies. It was very clear, then, that Mr. Shaw's speech in honor of worms was no less than an insidious eulogy of Coolidge and Republicanism. The Izaak Walton Club did not wish to associate itself with political controversy, so Mr. Shaw was forced to take his oration elsewhere. He went to WGL, where he was welcomed warmly and encouraged to spread the worms-and-Coolidge propaganda.

Yes and No — Mostly No

There are plenty of other fields which provide rich material for radio censorship. Prohibition, of course, furnishes by far the most excitement and fun among the semi-political, and consequently dangerous, topics. Being a matter of controversy, it is supposedly taboo with most broadcasters — but even those urbane gentlemen can hardly ignore the liquor issue in this year, 1931; pacifism, Socialism, yes — prohibition, no. Like Presidential candidates, however, they try to avoid the question whenever possible. WHEC, Rochester, New York, refused to allow anti-prohibition speeches in several instances, using each time the excuse that to permit the broadcasting of such matter was to jeopardize the station's federal license. Among speakers who found themselves barred were ex-Senator James W. Wadsworth and Mrs. Charles H. Sabin; Mrs. Sabin complained that "This looks very much like the beginning of the end of free speech in this country."

It looked like hedging, however, to the Federal Radio Commission which, when asked in September, 1930, whether a station might be endangering its license by allowing speakers to treat of controversial matters, replied that the Commission does not threaten licenses because of speeches dealing with prohibition or any political topic. This plainly puts the responsibility for the censorship of disputed subjects entirely on the broadcasting station. Nevertheless, the broadcasters still continued to use the "afraid we'll lose our license" excuse when they wished to avoid the issue — almost any issue.

There are many such cases on record. An N.B.C. station in Los Angeles refused to allow William G. McAdoo, ex-Secretary of the Treasury, to talk on prohibition unless he first submitted his address for approbation; he declined, and did not speak. Hudson Maxim was left talking into a dead microphone when his remarks on prohibition failed to please the authorities. WBZ-WBZA refused to allow the broadcasting of an anti-prohibition rally which the American Civil Liberties Union was spon-

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soring in the interests of wet candidates for Congress. The station's program director said that earlier obligations forced the refusal.

Other controversial issues, large and small, provide opportunity for radio censorship to exercise itself. The Hon. Carroll L. Beedy, Representative from Maine, was shut off the air for his attacks on newspapers and journalistic tactics. "Nine-tenths of the putrid detail," declaimed Beedy, "and the revolting accounts of the Snyder-Gray murder and the overtures of the amorous Browning ought never to have been put into public print. . . . They are a disgrace and a serious reflection on the moral standards of those who publish and read them." The impetus for these remarks was a meeting of the Newspaper Publishers' Association of America, where the Scripps-Howard people had boasted of increased circulation resulting from the Snyder-Gray trial and the Hearst organization had bragged about similar happy results from the odoriferous Browning affair. Nevertheless, WNYC, New York's municipal station, saw no good reason why the Hon. Mr. Beedy should be allowed to sully the fair name of the American Press: his speech was controversial, declared the station manager, and not fit to be broadcast.

Liberal opinions, even the mildest and most innocuous, are looked on with suspicion by every respectable broadcaster. If it is forbidden to insult the dignity of chain stores, the Eighteenth Amendment, and the American newspaper, it is obviously much worse to ridicule or even question the actions, theories, or attitudes of our government and its officials. Heywood Broun ran afoul of the flag in April, 1930, when he said in the course of a broadcast speech: "The only mistake that starving unemployed in this country have made is that they did not march to Washington and under the windows of Mr. Hoover in the White House display banners reading 'We Are Belgians.'" The next day officials of the station from which Mr. Broun had spoken received grapevine intimation from Washington that they were airing too many liberal opinions.

Military training is as sacrosanct as capitalism, prohibition, and the government. WABC canceled a speech by Norman Thomas when it was learned that he intended to oppose military training in the course of his address. Whereupon WMCA of New York offered its microphone to Thomas, but on the day scheduled refused to allow him to speak. Municipal ownership, smacking strongly of Socialism and the Red Menace, is also on the list of heretical subjects. When Mr. John R. Haynes sought to speak on the subject of municipal ownership of power in Los Angeles he could find no station willing to sell him time.

With the advent of commercial broadcasting it became clear how powerful an influence radio might be, not alone for advertisers and politicians, but also for religious sects, professional crusaders, evangelists, soul-savers, and quacks of all kinds. These worthies have not been slow to see and seize their opportunities. Many of them are very opulent, and to buy or bribe a broadcasting station is no great feat for them. Hence several stations have arisen chiefly, if not always ostensibly, for the purpose of spreading some sort of religio-moral or pseudo-therapeutic propaganda.

Chiropractors, osteopaths, cancer-curers, electro-therapists, gland-transplanters, and such flock to the radio studios whenever they are given an opening. They meet with opposition, of course, from the American Medical Association, but they have their own defenders. There is one H. B. Anderson who through WEVD denounced censorship of all radio addresses on medicine. He asserts that "much in the field of medicine is a matter of dispute" and declares that licensed physicians are interested in vaccination propaganda only because of the profits derived therefrom.

Nevertheless, there are several instances where censorship has been drastic with these purveyors of panaceas. The Radio Commission put the skids under Dr. John R. Brinkley, who solicited for goat-gland operations over KFKB in Milford, Kansas, although the doctor insisted that his was a valuable service to the rural folk of the middle west. The two lawyers on the Commission voted against denial of the station's license. An injunction and trial were granted. Another gentleman, using KTNT at Muscatine, Iowa, urged cancer sufferers "to keep away from the slaughter house" (by which he meant the university hospital at Iowa City) and boasted that he himself "could cure cancer in any stage." The Kansas Board of Health filed a complaint against renewal of the station's license, saying that this kind of oratory was manifestly harmful to the people

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for whom health agencies are in existence. The station is still under fire.

Hot Air vs. Free Air

Of all the aërial agencies for the spreading of theological-moral fads the most famous is probably Wilbur Glenn Voliva's station in Zion City, Illinois, whence that wizard informs the world that it is not round but flat. But there are others. In Los Angeles one of the more harmless of the evangelists, Robert P. Schuler, owns and operates KVEP. It is his practice to broadcast sermons of a nature irritating to big business interests in America's western Athens, so the Los Angeles post of the American Legion has been incited to see what can be done. An official investigation is now under way, and it is probable that Mr. Schuler's fiery rhetoric will be douched in no long time. In Los Angeles, too, Aimée Semple McPherson fills the air with her particular variety of good news (and in the same lovely city there could not be found a single station willing to permit advocacy of home-rule for India). On the other hand, New York's WEAF denied Aimée its microphone on the ground that she might prove "too full of dynamite."

Through WHAP, in New York City, Franklin Ford fights Al Smith, papacy, the rabbinical threat, the rising tide of color, and all such subversive unAmerican radicalism. Protestant and Republican, Mr. Ford stoutly maintains his utter freedom to say what he pleases when he pleases, and to allow none of his opponents to offer any back-talk over the Ford air. When Morris Ernst, of the American Civil Liberties Union, asked that Ford reconsider his refusal to allow Norman Thomas to speak over WHAP, Ford replied: "There is no inherent right in any individual, whether he be Socialist, such as Mr. Thomas, or anti-Socialist, to demand that a radio station broadcast his views because it has previously broadcast against his views as a matter of principle and conviction."

In April, 1927, Representative Sol Bloom asked the Mayor of New York to use city police power to prevent attacks made on particular persons and sects over WHAP. "At an earlier day," mourned Mr. Bloom, "WHAP's present speakers could have reached only a street corner crowd or a roomful with their declamatory attacks against Roman Catholics and Jews and others. They are now heard by tens and hundreds of thousands and become a municipal nuisance upon a correspondingly extensive scale. If this nuisance is not abated, we may also expect that Station WHAP will have imitators." Despite this lament Ford continued to operate. Called before the Radio Commission, he freely and fluently delivered himself: he was going to oppose Smith and Democrats and Roman Catholics, and he was not going to let them speak over his station, because they had WLWL, a higher-powered station of their own. The Commission then said that it did not feel empowered to act.

But the Pope is not wholly without support in the New World, for in Royal Oak, Michigan, Father Charles E. Coughlin spreads the dogma of Mother Church over the Columbia network through WJR in Detroit. Father Coughlin's sermons attained to such popularity that he was forced to employ a staff of secretaries to care for his fan mail. Emboldened by this warm encouragement, he soon began to mix a little anti-Socialism into his addresses. Norman Thomas asked permission to answer the priest's attack over WJR, but was censored when he attempted direct reply, and accordingly decided not to speak at all.

However, censorship worked two ways here and with a fine flair for justice. When Father Coughlin began to advance upon economics of a more immediately significant character and was found to be interested in unemployment, he was promptly silenced. Rather, the Columbia people "merely asked him to moderate his expressions as to avoid objections." Norman Thomas gallantly protested this gagging of his opponent in a letter to the Federal Radio Commission. The Commission replied by reading Mr. Thomas (who always seems to lose, no matter what he does) a trenchant lecture on the devotion to public interest shown by WJR in "preventing speakers from indulging in personalities over that station."

Christian Science, too, has taken to the air — not, alas, without acrimony, even within the fold. When Sir Henry Japp, representing the "Parent" Church, engaged to speak over the Columbia system, the protests from adherents of the "Mother" Church of the sect were so hot and numerous that the Columbia management canceled his speech. For this action the "Parent" Church brought suit in March, 1930.

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Atheists have not been far behind the faithful in trying to get before the microphone. In October, 1928, the American Association for the Advancement of Atheism applied to the Radio Commission for an operating license. This plea was refused on the ground of overcrowded conditions in New York, and the organization was counseled to buy time from some existing station — a preposterous suggestion, since no American station of any consequence will sell time to professional atheists for propagandist purposes.

Birth control has made valiant efforts to get on the air, with little better success than atheism. N.B.C. refused flatly to give or sell time to the Birth Control Conference because birth control was a "religious issue upon which the three great denominations did not agree." The Birth Control League sent letters to 115 stations, asking for permission to broadcast a series of lectures. Twenty-seven replies were received, eight of which were favorable. The League's program was accepted by the Buffalo Broadcasting Company in March, 1930. The University of Minnesota offered to broadcast a student debate on the subject. The Columbia Broadcasting Company, the Women's Bureau, the United States Department of Labor, the Stromberg-Carlson Company, the Tampa *Daily Times*, and the University of Kansas asked to see copies of the speeches. Eight stations refused for reasons of policy; two said the subject was unsuitable; five claimed that their schedules were already full; and four said frankly that they were not interested. Four directors signified personal interest. N.B.C. replied that it was willing to enter the controversial field only in cases where it felt that the public demanded controversy — that is, in political campaigns. There was not a sufficient demand for birth control talks, it declared, to justify them.

Sex is of course absolutely taboo, save when it can be got into clowning dialogue by innuendo or *double entendre*, and in so adroit a way that it is not censored. Any frank or direct mention of the institution is not tolerated in broadcasting. An amusing instance of this kind of censorship occurred in October, 1930, when Columbia cut the following sentence from a speech on Malthus, part of a series of economic-philosophical lectures: "Thomas Robert Malthus, arguing against his father, made some startling remarks about human nature and especially the strength of the sex impulse, which led people to marry as soon as they were able." Columbia explained: "We are not permitted to mention sex over the radio."

There are a great many other such cases of censorship in almost every field of controversy, and in fields where most people can see no controversy whatsoever. More like them continue to happen almost daily. Yet, despite all, we are soothingly assured by N.B.C. and Columbia that "No ban by the radio broadcasting companies on controversial matters exists in New York City and on the part of the great national chains." As Mr. Hemingway's maimed soldier remarks, it is at least nice to think so.

Could Government Control Help?

It will thus be seen that radio censorship in the United States is both an amusing and a melancholy affair, as one may choose to look at it. Stupidity, timidity, hypocrisy, superstition, greed, bribery, evasion, rancor, follies of many kinds, the usual economic despotism, the usual antic idiocies and inconsistencies abound here as in other important departments of the national life. What is to be done about it? That is not an easy question to answer.

In the first place, we must accept several salient and ineluctable facts. One of these is that a system of completely government-controlled broadcasting, such as obtains in England and Russia, cannot now be established in the United States unless by economic revolution. The power interests are too firmly entrenched to be pulled loose in any other way; there is too much capital tied up in the radio business. A government-controlled radio system, whether or not hypothetically desirable, is highly impracticable, almost impossible.

Another fact is that no solution of the present situation can be looked for from the broadcasters. Those worthies are in radio for what they can get out of it, despite their sonorous and mellifluent disclaimers. They have found the goose that lays the golden eggs — a true goose, the American public. To expect that they will alter the constitution of the bird so as to make it more intelligent, less prone to superstition, and more open to reason is to believe in neo-Biblical miracles. Obviously the present censorship, as well as the rest of the machinery

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Indian Agency

by ROBERT LITTELL

I

ON A WIDE desert of sand and brush, rimmed with mountains a hundred miles away, two Indians are shooting at prairie dogs with a bow and arrow.

On a main road, punctuated with big blue and yellow advertisements for a superior motor oil, two Indians are changing a tire on their old Ford. One of them wears a Helen Wills visor cap, and the other is chewing gum.

The old Indian, and the new. The Indian who has escaped civilization, and the Indian who has bitten off a small piece of civilization and is chewing it, like gum. The Indian who is still following the ways of the fathers, and the Indian who is on the main road to Americanism. Where will that road take him? Where will he be ten, fifty years from now? Can he graduate from Indian poverty and disease without falling into American mediocrity, into a life of low wages and funny papers?

Drawings by James Daugherty

You and I and our government are trying to answer that perplexing question and improve the Indian's lot. But the final goal for the Indian has not yet been clearly determined. Do we want, as President Hoover declared, to make an American citizen of him in as short a time as possible? Or do we want to keep him as a sort of national monument, and fence him off in his deserts and his mountains, unchanged, a living relic in an outdoor human museum? What right have we to make an American citizen, a radio listener, an installment buyer, a chewer of gum, or a churchgoer out of him anyhow?

On the other hand, what right have we, who took his country away from him, to let him remain wholly Indian, with all the darkness and misery that goes with being an Indian? Can he go on living in the twentieth century without losing everything Indian that he has? Can he go on living at all, for more than a few generations, and is what we do for him, or what we fail to do for him, anything else but a preparation, harsh or gentle, for his eventual disappearance as a race?

Our conscience is very uneasy in the matter of the Indians. Not so very long ago white settlers in the Southwest were offering bounties for dead Indians — a hundred dollars for a buck, fifty dollars for a squaw, twenty-five for a child. We have kept them prisoners of war, we have stolen their land, we have played politics with them, we have crammed them brutally into the American mold. At times we have feebly made up for early cruelties by giving them things on a platter, by teaching them to expect everything from Uncle Sam; a system which, since it rots their self-reliance, is perhaps — in the sugar-coated disguise of charity — the greatest cruelty of all. More lately, under the present administration, the policy is to help the Indian grow up and learn to manage his own affairs. It is an enormously complicated job, with as many aspects as there are Indian tribes, for each tribe lives in peculiar conditions and offers problems which are found on its reservation and on no other.

The bulk of the problem, since the bulk of the Indians, and the most interesting and promising Indians, are there also, is in Arizona

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and New Mexico, home of the Pueblos, the Hopis, and the Navahos, who are scattered over the wilderness of these two states in small parcels surrounded by whites, or on huge lonely reservations containing millions of acres. For purposes of administration the reservations are divided into "agencies" — each agency being a small province of Indians ruled from Washington by those distant proconsuls, the agency superintendents.

The agency is a small laboratory in which may be observed the process by which Indians are becoming something else — just what, it would be hard to say. The agency, where the Indian child first goes to school, where his parents learn something of white ways and how to raise the level of their own economic life, offers a view of most of the problems connected with the Indian on a small scale. The average visitor to the Indian country is eager to see the old Indian, the Indian of the tribal ritual and snake dance, and neglects the agency itself, the little pot into which these customs and dances will eventually be melted, or — it is to be hoped — transmuted.

I propose to show you such an agency, as it was shown to me. If it is, in many ways, a discouraging picture, do not forget two things: first, that an intimate glimpse of a small white community, and of what happens to American school children in thousands of little schoolhouses, is equally discouraging; and second, that the men who are now in charge of the Indian Bureau are doing their utmost to change the picture and repaint it in brighter and more natural colors.

II

You are on an Indian reservation, a great tract of rumpled, thirsty country, somewhat bigger than Connecticut. A vast corner of the world that is made of sand upon which sprout, tenaciously and at wide intervals, clumps of uninviting brush and handfuls of thin grass. Here and there are ten-mile-wide strips of many-colored desert, of earth eaten down to her primeval bones by time and weather, where grows no grass at all. The road dips across winding river beds, waterless as a sand pile. Cactus stretches its spiny arms in the air, like pale green hairbrushes growing one out of another. Pop-eyed prairie dogs stand at attention, then scurry back into their arid holes.

For hours you will meet no one — not a tree, not a cow, not an Indian. And then suddenly, on the top of a brown, eroded cliff, you see green trees, and white houses, and a flagpole. It is the agency, headquarters of all the human life that is scattered over these desert miles, where you and I, through our Department of the Interior's Bureau of Indian Affairs, are trying to raise the Indian up — or bring him down — to our own level. Let us pass through the neat, almost military white gates, between which are laid iron tubes to keep out cattle, and see how the difficult job is done.

A long street, lined with cottonwood trees. Two or three acres of dusty ground surrounding a few dozen buildings, buildings with sharp angles and ugly official faces. The street begins in the desert and, a few hundred yards beyond, ends there.

In between are the schools, hospitals, dormitories, kitchens, stables, offices; an oasis of primers, operating tables, regulations, typewriters, and canned tomatoes in the desert which the Indians called home before our ancestors knew that the earth was round. An advance post of green grass and high-school knowledge in the wilderness of Indian dignity and beauty and superstition and tuberculosis.

The office, distant nerve center of Washington in the desert. Two or three Indians, with patient, deep-lined, inscrutable faces, are sitting on the steps. Above their heads is a neat white shingle — "U. S. Department of the Interior — Indian Agency." Several small rooms with big desks, adding machines, bleak office furniture. The superintendent, a cordial, energetic man in his forties, more like a business man than a government official. Some Indians peek through the door and come in, big hats in hand. One of them admits that he stole a heifer and killed it. "You shouldn't have done that," says the superintendent. "You could be put in jail for two or three years. Make good that heifer, and come back here at the end of the month to be tried." The Indian goes out. "He'll turn up, all right," says the superintendent; "and the Indian Judge will sentence him to a month or two." Only seven major crimes subject the Indian to a trial in Federal Court. The other offenses are dealt with by the Indian Judge. . . . Some more Indians come in. They want rations. "Go down and see Mr. ——. He'll give you jobs on

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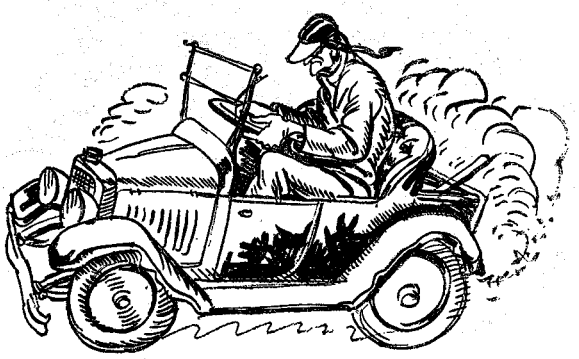

the road." No food without work, except for the old or helpless.

A tour of the grounds. New buildings are going up. The appropriation was much larger last year than ever before. The superintendent is proud of the clean new stone, of the white plumbing and the high ceilings. He has the unconscious American faith that, in the solution of an educational problem, bricks are more important than brains. Some Indians are carrying stone for one of the new buildings. They work deliberately, but without stopping. "They are fine workmen. They can do everything up to the cutting of the stone, the planning. For that they don't seem to have the head."

The hospital. Nurses in starched linen. Rows of white beds, with black heads on the pillows. A girl in the corner hides under the covers from the visitors; this bright-eyed imp may have tuberculosis — the Indian's greatest enemy. An Indian mother, with a papoose on her back, is crying softly as she strokes the forehead of a small boy in a bed. From miles across the desert, she comes here every day. There is nothing really the matter with him.

A few maternity cases. But most of the babies are born away from medical care, far out in lonely hogans. Once a young mother came in here, had her baby, and walked home the next day. Twins they consider unlucky, and one of the twins is usually neglected and allowed to die. And the old people often suffer the same fate. If there were more money, more doctors and nurses, the terrific death rate could be cut down. But even now there is barely enough grazing, and not really enough water, for the Indians who live on this reservation. And they are increasing. . . .

The doctor, a man in his forties, whose salary is about three thousand a year, is new to the job. He shows his latest official report, proud of the few deaths; he is plainly overanxious to make a good beginning. If only the government would let him force Indians with tuberculosis or venereal disease to submit to treatment. "But they tell me to go easy." Venereal disease is very rare, except when the Indians come in contact with whites in the towns. They are peculiarly vulnerable to respiratory diseases — to colds, pneumonia, tuberculosis. In the doctor's opinion, a policy that took the Indians gradually off the reservation and into white communities as laborers would be dangerous for most of them. They have not our immunities, or our knowledge of health measures.

Next we visit a dormitory. A vast room, with some fifty iron bedsteads a foot or two apart. Next year everything will be different. There will be a new dormitory, with one room for every two children; expensive private boarding schools in the East will not have anything like it. From fifty in a room to two in a room. The superintendent shakes his head. He will be proud of the new building, but it seems to him foolishly luxurious.

Downstairs are the cupboards for the children's clothes. Open boxes with worn little shoes and faded overalls in neat piles. The parents pay something, when they can, for their children's clothes. In another room are long rows of khaki uniforms, for Sunday. This military feature is gradually being discontinued, and boys are encouraged to buy their own suits and the girls to make their own dresses — whatever they like. The old-time uniformity is gradually making way for individual choice and initiative. Out in the hall is a big sign. "No Navaho Talking Allowed. Speak English." In the old days, it appears, when the children refused to speak English they sometimes were marched around and around in the hot sun until their spirits were broken. Now there is no such coercion. And the children go right on speaking their own language when not under the teacher's eye.

The children are all indoors, learning to

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be Americans. A lot of white communities would envy them the schoolhouse, for all the rectangular precision of its exterior. Wide clean halls, and drinking fountains. A dozen doors, behind which they are being taught about George Washington, and the big black dog that chases the small white cat, and two plus two is four. Small desks with black-haired boys and girls in blue overalls and gingham dresses. As you come in, they turn toward you two dozen pairs of shy black eyes. They are learning English, and their brown hands hold pencils poised over pieces of scrawled paper. The teacher, a faded, nervous little woman, asks if you would like to hear them sing. The shrill young voices, running all the words together with an indescribable accent of which only the nasal whine is definitely American, rise in unison.

And if you tell-her
I gotta fell-er
Then she won't give-me
A rubber doll-ee . . . .

Somewhat jarred by this sample of Americanization, you try an older class. The girls stare unblinkingly through the straight black hair that hangs over their faces. The boys have the solemn look of animals used to captivity. Some of the girls are drawing, out of their heads and with colored crayons, the marvelously complicated and formal rug patterns of their tribe. All around the rooms are the pictures they have made, mostly sights and actions from their own lives — Indian dancers and imaginative lopsided steers being roped against a background of fantastic buttes.

The teacher explains that very few of the pupils ever learn to write very well. They are not given to much talk, their language is utterly different from ours, and they do not use words naturally as we do. Pressed for a sample, she explains that once a year the whole class goes to the Grand Canyon for a treat, and that this is how one of them — a girl of fourteen — wrote about it afterward. "Oh, we sure did have a good time in the truck. We ate our dinner at Williams, Arizona. We ate sandwiches and cake and doughnuts. . . . Oh, wonderful sights we saw in the Canyon! We looked through the telescope. We saw a bridge, houses, and trees. We saw mules coming up from the trail. Oh! it sure was a beautiful place. We ate dinner there again. . . . We rode on the truck to Flagstaff and ate supper in the pine trees about six thirty o'clock."

On the door of the schoolroom is a chart, with the children's names and weights. When they are underweight they are put on special diet. . . . The names — how do they get them? Willard, Junior, Ella, Franklin, Sam. "Oh, sometimes we give them their names," says the teacher. The Indians have no family names, which makes it hard to keep them straight, and results in the rechristening of Laughing Boys as Willard Smiths. Often, however, there is a compromise — such as Wanda Tallwoman or Simon Manywhiskers.

Outside, the sharp, clear air is warm with spring. Inside it is heavy with steam heat and the faint smell of young bodies. The windows are almost all closed. If they weren't, the eternal sand would blow into those wide eyes.

This, one thinks as the door closes, is not an Indian school, but a school for white children with Indians at the desks. Didn't the teacher say that there were no textbooks especially written for use in Indian schools? Didn't she admit that few of them ever learn English really well; that, when school is over — and there are years of boarding school off the reservation after what we have just seen — they go back to the desert, to the sheep and the sand and the cattle, back to the old ways?

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One of the teachers hands me a copy of the school calendar. Like most school calendars, its rigid formality belies the friendliness and ease of what we have just seen. The calendar recalls that many of the Indians were once prisoners of war in United States military posts. The army still hangs over them. Program: Rising Bell at 6. Reveille at 6:15. Physical exercises at 6:30. Mess call at 6:50. To the Colors: 6:55. . . . And Fatigue Call and Recall, and March to Churches. Farther on I read, "When the weather is suitable the employee on Sunday afternoon detail will call for the girls at 2:00 P.M. and take them for a walk." And "Each employee is a committee of one to see that English and English only is the language used about the school." . . . I wonder who wrote the school song —

> And we hope we'll always be
> Ever true, our school, to thee . . . .

It was surely not one of the pupils.

III

And now for the kitchens. A bakery that seems to occupy nearly a quarter-acre of floor space. A beautiful new bread slicer. (Not one of the employees really speaks the Indian's own language, but here is the latest in bread slicers.) The menu for the week is posted on the wall. A lot of poor whites would be tickled to death with such a feed.

Here come the children, two by two into the mess hall, boys through one door, girls through another. To look at those hundreds of strange young faces tells you more about them than can any of their teachers — and yet it tells you nothing. A different race, infinitely old, and now submitting to flag salutes, arithmetic, and dormitories with patient, laughing dignity.

A gong is struck. The children all stand still, looking at the tin plates and forks and spoons on the table in front of them. Another gong. The whole roomful of high young voices recites, quickly, monotonously, unintelligibly, some sort of a grace. You would swear, looking at their faces, that they didn't understand it either. Another gong, and they all sit down.

Lunch in the employees' club, open to all visitors at fifty cents. A dozen school teachers, mostly women, usually on the graying side of life. Salaries, twelve to fifteen hundred dollars, and, at this distance from stores and movies, nothing to spend it on. One or two of the teachers are men. That husky young fellow, bronzed and lean, with a lumberman's shirt, is the stockman. He takes care of the Indians' cattle, scattered over desert ranges for hundreds of square miles. It is his job to persuade them to clip their sheep and get rid of the wild horses that are parasites on the range, and help teach them to be interested in acquiring blooded bulls and rams. . . . A rather silent lunch, and the food isn't as good as that served to the children.

A stroll about the grounds, while the teachers talk shop on the front porch. What kind of a life is it for them, teaching docile, evasive, alien children things that they don't want to know and that they will many of them eventually forget, on a cottonwood oasis in the middle of the desert, seventy miles from the nearest railroad? If married, they have a small house with a small lawn valiantly won from the thirsty sand. And a radio. From one of these houses comes the sound of a jazz crooner, broadcasting from Denver or Fort Worth.

A long talk with the superintendent. A man of kindness and impatient energy, very clear in his mind as to the physical needs of his establishment, rather puzzled about the human side of it. "Our job is to fit the Indians for life. But some of them expect us to feed them for life. They're hard up — there's no doubt about that, with the prices of wool and cattle way down. Sometimes I think we do too much for them. They go to school here, and then they go home and their mothers put them in camp clothes and in a week they're full of lice again. I remember the time when you'd go along in a car and the kids would run like hell whenever they saw you — afraid of being caught and put in school. Now they come of themselves. The Indians bring them in. They want to have them learn, and some of them are glad to have us feed them and take care of them. . . . When they are through in the school here they go away to a boarding school off the reservation, perhaps six hundred miles away. Some of them don't come home again for three or four years — some of them never come back. . . . I agree with you that it's pretty rough on them. If they only came back to the reservation fitted for the kind of life they are going to lead there. We teach them to want something better, and then we turn them loose and they can't get it. . . . There ought

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to be a lot more day-schools scattered out in the desert where the Indians live. . . .

"You get very fond of them. They're wonderful people, and they know how to work. There's always the fight against their customs, and what they have inherited. Don't forget that for centuries they owned all this part of the world, and were free to roam about wherever there was good grazing or water. Pretty soon the reservation will be too small for them — it's overgrazed now, at that. When they go off the reservation and take jobs in town they are apt to fall in with the poorest class of population, the Mexicans.

"The other day an Indian came in and wanted his little girl to leave school for three or four days. It seems that a mouse had chewed a hole in her sweater, and that's very unlucky; he wanted to have a 'sing' over her to drive away evil. I argued with him about superstitions, and he answered back that white people had superstitions, too, like walking under ladders or opening umbrellas in the house. Finally we compromised. She would stay in school, but I would burn the sweater that had been chewed by the mouse."

Through the window, down the street under the cottonwoods, we could see a short steeple and a cross. "How about the missionaries?" I asked the superintendent. "They give me more darned trouble," he groaned. "Some of them are fine, but they don't understand the Indian. An enthusiastic young preacher fresh from Seminary will turn up, gather in some Indians, and start preaching to them. There was one such fellow who preached two hours. I went by that Sunday, and saw an old Navaho come out of the church and start to smoke. 'What, don't you like church?' I asked him. 'No,' he said, 'too god-dam much Jesus. All the time Jesus, Jesus.' One missionary I heard of paid the Indians to come to church. They don't make many converts. And often they don't help them much in any other way. But try to fight them. . . ."

"Do these children here go to church?" I asked. "Yes. That's one of the things that gets my goat. A recent ruling of the Department informs me that only those Indian children who want to go to church have to." "What would happen if you read that ruling to them here?" "Practically all of them would stay away." "Then what keeps you from reading it to them?" The superintendent shrugged his shoulders. "I suppose the missionaries can get the scalp of a superintendent if they try hard enough," I suggested. He was silent for a minute. "Why should we make them go to church? How do we know they aren't atheists? No, we don't want to force any religion on them. It's the pressure of the missionaries, and the pull they have with the politicians."

The Trading Post. On every Indian Reservation, at every Indian agency, there is a licensed trader. A great barn of a place, which sells to the Indians almost everything smaller than an automobile and buys and sells the products of their own craftsmanship. Here are shirts, overalls, cheap perfume, green spectacles, tools, hairbrushes, saddles, harness, kerosene lamps, and shelf after shelf of canned food. In another room, great stacks of Indian rugs, all sizes and prices, from the seventeen-hundred-dollar representation of Heaven and Earth to the small red and black carpet that will eventually be somebody's bath mat in Kansas City.

Outside in the sun is the Trading Post's Negro cook. He came here from Texas three or four years ago, and used to be in the army. He likes it here. He likes the Indians, and in particular their ceremonial dances. He compares the Hopis with the Navahos as dancers: "The Hopis don't get besides themselves like the Navahos do."

On the slab of rock in front of the Trading Post, quite clearly marked, are the three-clawed tracks of dinosaurs. And nearby, a Ford sedan. Which makes one wonder which the Indian is nearer to-day, Ford or dinosaur.

IV

OUTSIDE the white gates, and a short way down the road, are a few Indian huts. As a rule the Indians prefer to stay off by themselves in wild canyons or on lonely dusty ranges. The huts are made of brush laid over a framework of stakes and small logs, and are the shape of a half cantaloupe, upside down. At the top is a round hole which lets the air in and the smoke out. These Indians whose hut we visit have a small iron stove, and a pipe goes out through the hole into the blue sky. A piece of gray cloth hangs over the entrance. We go in. An old man, wrinkled like leather, his son, daughter-in-law, and a small child. They shake

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hands. In the corner are some cans, a saddle, blankets. That is all. No furniture. They sit on the ground, facing the center and the light that comes down through the hole. If one of them were to die in this hut, the others would burn it and move on somewhere else.

A bright sun slants low through the cottonwoods, and work is over. The distant peak, a solitary cone of snow, stands sharp against the southern sky. On the lawn of one of the teachers' houses an automatic sprinkler twirls and twirls and almost smells of water. By the side of the road sits an Indian mother, black hair, black eyes, black clothes, and her two boarding-school daughters, in their high American shoes and long brown stockings. In a basement the school band is practicing discordantly. The flag waves in the wind, and the wind, blowing across the brown spaces between the buildings, raises a cloud of merciless fine dust, which blurs the sunset and makes the outfielders turn away and cover their eyes with old greasy gloves. For the older boys are playing baseball. The foreman of the power house, in a green visor cap with white bands, is pitching to them. Wherever the ball hits the ground, there is a spurt of sand. The Indian youngsters take to this game. The foreman hopes he can make a good team out of them, a team good enough to lick the neighboring agency team, some seventy miles away. An older Indian, who has finished cutting brush or hauling stone for the day, runs after a foul. He never went to school, or learned to play baseball as Americans do. . . .

The wind and the dust rise again, drifting across the diamond, past the agency's white gates, past the Trading Post, where two bond salesmen are trying to make the Negro cook sign on the dotted line, and out into the desert, the lonely waste of crumbling earth and scanty grass that surrounds this oasis of baseball, schoolbooks, and Americanism.

On the wall of the room in the employees' club house which has been assigned to me is a calendar. When one sheet has been torn off, there will be a few more so-called Americans in this part of the world, and a few less Indians. When some hundreds of sheets have been torn off, there will be almost no Indians left at all, if we have our way with them; only copper-colored Americans who have forgotten an ancient language and ancient customs, who will make payments on second-hand automobiles and chew gum and read funny papers and vote for the Hardings and Big Bill Thompsons of the future. For how can the Indian's civilization stand up for long against our own? No matter how much we might want to keep him, and the best things in his life, as they are; no matter how much he passively resists our attempts to make him like ourselves, that calendar is against him.

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What France Really Wants

by **LOTHROP STODDARD**

I

NOTHING, these crucial days, is more disquieting than the attitude of France. To most Americans, especially, this attitude is well-nigh incomprehensible. France is to-day not only the dominant nation in Europe but in some respects the most powerful nation in the world. She maintains the largest army and the biggest air fleet. She possesses a considerable navy and a huge colonial empire from which she can mobilize vast reserves of first-class fighting men. Relatively unscathed by the economic depression, she has an enormous gold reserve, stable finances, and almost no unemployed. So shrewd has been her statecraft that she is buttressed by allies, while so formidable is her combined diplomacy and banking that she can shake even Britain's financial structure, smite Germany to the verge of chaos, and bring recalcitrants like Hungary to heel.

Yet this same France seems obsessed with a haunting fear. Unsatisfied by her armaments and her allies, by treaty safeguards and diplomatic pacts, by financial solvency and material prosperity, France remains profoundly ill at ease. Feverishly she girds her frontiers with the most stupendous bulwarks erected since the Great Wall of China. Inflexibly she takes her stand in all negotiations for world betterment, and even when remaining alone against the consensus of world opinion she refuses genuinely to yield. Plans for disarmament, for treaty revision, for any essential change in the *status quo* leave her cold. Deaf alike to argument and to entreaty, she monotonously iterates one word — *security*.

What a paradox! This France, girt about with multitudinous safeguards, so obstinately fearful! How shall we explain this curious enigma? Are Frenchmen hag-ridden by memories or become suddenly chicken-hearted? No; such surmises will not do. The French mind is too clear to be befogged by phantoms, while the late war merely emphasized the fact that French courage needs no proof.

Let us waste no more time in vain imaginings. The French are not self-deceived. They know very well what they are after. But what they really want is not what we think they want; nor is it what French propaganda tries to make us think they want.

The key to the riddle may be found in the context of the word *security*. To French insistence on that cryptic slogan, let us ask: "Security for and from what?" We are apt to think that "security" means the assurance of the average citizen from wanton violence or the immunity of a nation minding its own business from unprovoked attack. That, certainly, is the meaning which France's spokesmen wish us to accept in their case.

This meaning, however, by no means covers the situation. The "security" which most

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Frenchmen want is not that of a nation modestly comporting itself among its fellows as one among equals; it is security for what the French fondly term *La France Victorieuse* and *La Grande Nation*. Literally translated, these phrases read Victorious France and the Great Nation. "Aha!" we promptly exclaim. "Another aspirant for world dominion!" And we proceed to construct a militaristic bogy, just as we conjured up the saber-rattling Prussian bogy of unhallowed memory.

Yet again we are wrong. The plain English of *La France Victorieuse* and *La Grande Nation* are plain misreadings; they do not express a tithe of their significance to French minds. In the ideals underlying these phrases, we confront, not a mere lust for conquest, but something much more subtle, much more complex. If it were just another naked militarism, it would be simpler to deal with; perhaps, even, it would be better for the world in the long run. Stark militarisms, from Assyria down, soon exhaust themselves through sheer moral starvation. France's ambitions, on the contrary, are so deeply rooted in the French soul and so abundantly fed by French idealism that they cannot be readily handled. Indeed, a sound knowledge of French history and a fairly close acquaintance with the French themselves are needed to discern precisely what France to-day has in view.

II

In the first place, the French, more than any other people, have attained mature, well-rounded nationhood. French nationalism is the oldest as well as the most perfect of its kind. It germinated far back in the Dark Ages; it became dynamically articulate five hundred years ago in the mystic personality of Joan of Arc. Thenceforth, almost down to our own times, France stood in a class by herself. She soon became the natural leader of Europe in political power, in cultural prestige, and even in population. In those bygone days, insular England was, practically speaking, almost as remote from Continental Europe as America is now, while both Germany and Italy were mere geographical expressions. As for Russia, she was beyond the pale of Western civilization. Thus, century after century, France maintained her headship of Europe. By the reign of Louis XIV, France set the tone of everything, from literature and diplomacy to mistresses and perukes. Under Napoleon, French armies ranged from Portugal to Moscow and came within an ace of bringing all Europe under France's lasting sway.

The collapse of Napoleon's Empire did not outwardly transform the situation. Though shorn of her extreme pretensions, France, down to 1870, was still unquestionably the leading power of Europe. Nevertheless, her traditional ascendancy was being rapidly undermined. The spread of nationalism throughout the Continent, the coalescence of Germans and Italians toward adult nationhood, and the slowing down of France's population growth implied that her politico-military primacy was no longer inevitable. It was France's rash efforts to block German unity which led her to disaster in the Franco-Prussian War. The war of 1870 (termed by Frenchmen "the Terrible Year") was the worst blow France had received. Not only was she defeated and bereft of two provinces; she was also demoted from her headship of Europe. And it was this last which rankled most.

Bismarck did his best to reconcile France to the new situation. By mingled pressure and persuasion (quite similar to France's present policy toward Germany) the Iron Chancellor tried to make France acquiesce in a German hegemony of Europe. Once she did that, France could have had ample "security" in the sense of a self-contained nation attending to its own affairs. But that sort of security France indignantly refused — precisely as she refuses it to-day. To the vast majority of Frenchmen, German ascendancy in Europe was something unnatural, monstrous, almost immoral. The natural, the *right* status of Europe was the political and cultural primacy of France — *La* Grande Nation. Almost all of France's leading spirits — Delcassé, Clemenceau, Foch, Poincaré, and others worked grimly, inflexibly toward one goal — the bringing of Germany's intolerable hegemony to an end. Of course they did not openly avow this; they "rationalized" their hidden grievance around Alsace-Lorraine, and took to heart Gambetta's astute counsel: "Speak of it never; think of it ever!" So France bided her time.

The close of the Great War, which had at first brought her to the brink of destruction, suddenly restored to France her traditional

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supremacy. Once more, as in the past, she was the leader of Europe. Yet even her supremacy rested on decidedly anomalous foundations. No longer was it the normal outcome of natural conditions; rather was it the fortuitous result of special circumstances. True, upstart Germany lay prostrate; but the Teutonic giant had been laid low, not by France single-handed but by a world coalition including such outsiders as America and Japan.

That French diplomacy should have done everything possible to perpetuate France's extraordinarily favorable situation is only normal. That is what diplomats are for, and French diplomats certainly know their job. As already remarked, French statecraft has been strikingly successful. By remaining heavily armed when her neighbors had either been forcibly disarmed or had voluntarily demobilized, France has acquired incomparably the greatest preponderance of military might since Napoleon's heyday. By training her colonial populations for military service, she supplements her home forces with almost inexhaustible levies of vigorous man power. And, in addition, French diplomacy has criss-crossed Central Europe with allies from Belgium to Rumania and from Jugoslavia to Poland; allies pledged, like France herself, to uphold the war-born *status quo*. Any suggestion of substantial change in that status is usually enough to bring France's accredited spokesmen bristling to its defense. The typical French official attitude is voiced in a recent address of André Maginot, Minister of War, who stated: "We are not a conquered people, but conquerors. Let the bellicose countries be silent. No capitulation to Germany. Let us defend our gold. As for our military power, I answer for it."

That, to our ears, may sound like saber-rattling in the good old Prussian pre-war style. Yet it apparently typifies the bulk of French opinion. Unless the weight of evidence be at fault, the French people seem to be pretty solidly behind a foreign policy which, despite a few minor concessions, has never really altered since the war settlement at Versailles. French "liberals," in the Anglo-Saxon sense, are not numerous or influential enough to make their weight seriously felt in political life. Men reputed to be liberals, like Aristide Briand, are essentially just about as orthodox as their brusquer colleagues.

Highly significant is the French attitude toward the League of Nations. Unlike its English and American supporters, who see in the League a method for peaceful adjustment to accord with altered circumstances, the French view the League as a convenient instrument for crystallizing the present treaty status. From the very first, the French have advocated making the League a super-state, pledged to defend the legal rights of its members. Since the League would have to function on the basis of existing treaties, and since France could effectively veto any proposed alteration, this would be an excellent way for France to obtain the sort of "security" she seeks. On those terms, and apparently on those terms alone, France would consent to a certain measure of disarmament. Her methods may differ somewhat, but her objective remains the same.

III

WELL-INFORMED Frenchmen have become uneasily aware that their country's inflexible attitude not merely exacerbates the hatred of former foes, but alienates the sympathies of former friends. Painfully they note France's growing isolation in a world bent on an increasing measure of international accommodation. Why is it that a people so keen-witted and intelligent sets itself so stubbornly against the trend of the times? The answer seems to be that the French mind tends to revolve in a charmed circle. Within that circle, it functions with amazing clarity; outside, it is apt to falter and go astray. And the limits of this functional area are, roughly speaking, the boundaries of France.

As already remarked, France is the most perfect instance of well-rounded nationhood. Manners, methods, ideals, cultural forms — all are nicely timed in a vital rhythm which, like a pendulum, eternally traverses the same path. Restricted adjustment and absence of change are the salient features of French life, which reveals itself as an exquisite, finished product.

With this mode of existence, most Frenchmen are thoroughly satisfied. Living amid the best of all possible surroundings, they neither know nor seek to know much about what goes on outside. Few Frenchmen learn foreign languages, read foreign books, or travel in foreign lands. Indeed, crossing the frontier into an alien world is likely to be a painful experience.

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Frenchmen suffer inordinately from homesickness, and a sojourn abroad is habitually termed "exile."

Profoundly convinced as they are of the supreme excellence of their civilization, the French, far more than most peoples, grade mankind into two categories: themselves and others. The typical French attitude is strikingly like that of the Ancient Greeks, who divided the world into Hellenes and Barbarians. In fact, among themselves, Frenchmen often refer to foreigners as *les barbares*. A foreigner in France is judged almost wholly by his ability to adopt French ways and his enthusiasm for French culture. A good French accent is a most effective passport to social favor. It is deemed fair evidence that a barbarian is getting civilized, that another cultural conquest is being achieved.

The Frenchman is an indefatigable (albeit a subtle) propagandist. He seeks to impart French culture not only to the stranger within his gates but also to those in foreign lands. An oft-quoted French maxim reads: "Every civilized man has two countries — his own and France." This saying reveals a peculiar bent of the French mind. Each people tacitly deems itself to be best; even Eskimos and Andaman Islanders consider themselves the elect of mankind. But that universal human foible rarely reaches the pitch at which foreigners are expected to concur in this flattering judgment. Only the French, it would seem, hold that all the world (or, at least, the enlightened portion of the world) should render spontaneous homage to the preëminence of French civilization.

Yet so it is. And this belief engenders important practical consequences. It is one of the main reasons why France strives, even by political means, to uphold her cultural prestige. It is the moral urge supplementing material reasons for political and economic advancement. Every traditional sphere of cultural influence is tenaciously defended; every cultural setback is mourned like a lost province. Nothing, for instance, irks Frenchmen more than the way French has ceased to be the universal language of diplomacy.

If this be true of matters having scant connection with practical affairs, how much more zealously must Frenchmen strive to further their combined material and cultural interests. We can now comprehend France's inflexible determination to maintain at all costs her revived hegemony over Continental Europe; because France believes it to be best, both for herself and for the other European peoples, that the Continent evolve under her beneficent sway. We are likewise in a position to understand France's conception of her hegemony. The French are no crude militarists. Wisely they realize that wholesale conquests and annexations would fatally dilute their culture and dissolve their nationhood. What they visualize is political and cultural *primacy:* the France of olden time, crowned with prestige and authority, setting the tone to her neighbors, and by them acknowledged as *La France Victorieuse — La Grande Nation.*

Unfortunately for this beatific vision, the material and even the psychological bases which automatically gave France leadership in the past no longer exist. Other European peoples have attained adult nationhood and would never tolerate even the mildest tutelage. Both Germany and Italy have long since ceased to be geographical expressions. Russia looms ever more insistently in the background. And, upon the far horizon, rise America and the Orient — factors which, in the days of France's pristine glory, had not effectively come into being. Indeed, the whole world scheme of things has radically altered. Europe is no more the focal point of human affairs. Modern life has passed from a continental to a planetary stage. Perhaps even the concept of sovereign nationhood is entering on its last days. The past does not return.

Yet there stands France: wedded to the past, staunch in her nationhood, thinking almost exclusively in European terms. And France is no decrepit relic. Even though she be a survival, she is a vigorous survival; strong in herself, in her traditions, in her faith.

How to bring all this home to French minds? How to loose the charmed circle which binds France's admirable intelligence? Unless these things can be done, France may become the standard-bearer of all the reactionary forces in the world; the leader of a coalition, doomed to ultimate defeat yet capable of spoiling the fruits of victory.

For even though we understand what France really wants, that does not answer the even more insistent inquiry: What are we going to do about it?

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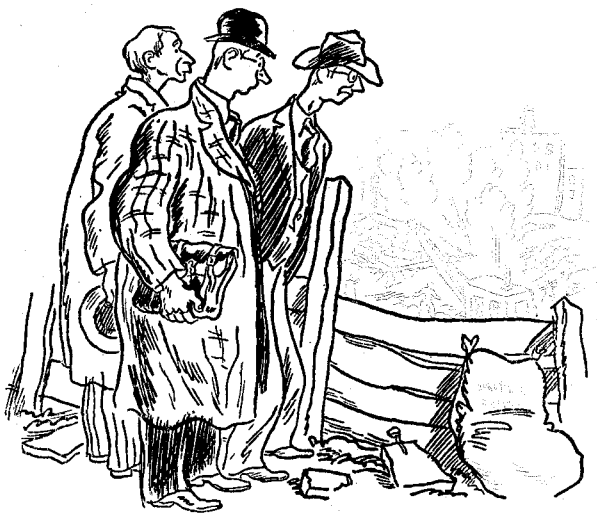
Come Back, Appleknocker!

by **STANLEY WALKER**

ONE NIGHT a few weeks ago, in the course of a sociological discussion with some contemporary thinkers in a gentlemen's club, a prematurely graying young New York editor, plagued by his memories and tortured by the thought of all the dreadful things that seem to be happening to America, observed that what this country needs is the renascence of the hick.



Drawings by Donald McKay

Well, there was a terrific uproar, one school contending that the hick was already doomed and that his extinction would be a good thing, as he never had been anything but a nuisance, an impediment on the flywheel of human progress, a wen on the otherwise lovely countenance of mankind. The older and more broad-visioned gaffers, however, inclined to the theory that the nation would be improved by the return, in large numbers, of the old-fashioned, open-mouthed hayseed.

It may have been only the sweet nostalgia which makes a retrospective dodderer love the recollections of the scenes and characters of his youth, but certainly the argument in favor of good old Silas Perkins rests on much sounder ground than mere sentiment. What a man he was! A hick, he begat hicks. He endured a nation's gibes, but he built the country and furnished it with half its jokes, some of them pretty awful.

The hick was not necessarily a complete boob or a hopeless ignoramus. As a youngster he was not a Problem Child, and when he grew up he was not a Spiritual Bankrupt, though his grandchildren, in increasing droves, are turning out to be a little of both. The bumpkin sometimes had a great native shrewdness, and on his home grounds often was what we have now learned to call a Big Shot.

His trouble, if trouble it was, lay in the fact that he was not attuned to the delicate nuances of our beautiful urban civilization. He would try to blow out gas lights; he would be pathetically worried by the mechanics of an ordinary hotel shower bath; his gold or bone collar button, whether he wore a tie or not, always was too prominent, and his collars were much too large; his hat, even if it cost real money, never seemed to belong on his head, or any head for that matter; never in his life was he able to make his trousers, or pants, do anything more stylish than cover his rugged shanks. Another distinguishing characteristic was his unquestioned integrity — except, of course, in a few matters involving the sale or trading of horses.

However, his chief stock in trade, the quality that made him the man he was, the brand which earned him the title of Mr. America in a happier day, was his vast and charming capacity for innocent wonderment. He didn't view the marvels of the age with a quizzical, knowing glance, but openly and with astonishment. Indeed, as he would say, his eyes bugged out. And, because of his divine curiosity and his excited chucklings at each new discovery, he was appraised as a lout.

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Strange things have happened to him. The tragedy came when the Machine Age engulfed him and he gradually changed from forthright Silas Perkins to the just as helpless but sleeker John H. Sapp. He traded his wool hat for a derby; he and his son began to buy good common stocks for the long pull and he would mumble "Don't sell America Short"; he realized that, with a little care, his pants could look so much like a movie actor's that on a cloudy day no one could tell the difference; he gave up pitching horseshoes and went in for quoits; he traded his jiminy crickets and by gollies for "I'll say" and "And how!" In short, his heroic qualities departed and he became a social loss when he quit gaping and started japing.

Is he really much happier to-day, or, at bottom, any more sophisticated? I doubt it. In modern clothes he is something of an anachronism. There is no magic garment which can transmute a hick into a wisenheimer; scratch many a wise guy, or, better still, boot him vigorously, and you will find he still bears the hallmarks of the eternal bumpkin. His disguise is phony, and yet something very definite has changed in him. Try to get him actually pop-eyed at something and you'll find a saddening element has entered his psyche.

Somewhere, as he has gone skittering down the corridors of time, he has picked up the idea that to betray unabashed amazement, to be flabbergasted by anything at all, is in very bad taste — and your reformed hick worries more about good taste, or what he conceives to be good taste, than his grandfather worried about the ewes at lambing time. Thus he pretends to know about a great many things, superficial and profound, which in all truth are as far beyond his ken as penthouse love nests were outside the range of his sainted granddaddy.

New York, in particular, is reeking with such thwarted souls. There's not a good honest gape in the whole five boroughs. Foreigners have to be brought in to comment on the skyline, as the inhabitants don't care whether there is a skyline or not, or what it looks like. The city, for all the publicity dealing with shopworn wonders, has only five authentic marvels that come to mind: workmen busy excavating into the solid gneiss to prepare for the foundations of a new building; firemen screwing or unscrewing a hose at a fire plug when there is no fire to be found in the neighborhood (the mystery element is what makes this one good); a little speck of a man, secured by a strap, washing a window high up on a skyscraper; the slow and breathtaking operation of moving a heavy safe on the outside of a building from one floor to another, and the incomparably fascinating spectacle of chickens being roasted in the window of a rotisserie.

Magnificent sights, all of them, and they draw big crowds. But such crowds! They view the show, which costs them nothing, with sad, wise, disillusioned eyes. Grand stuff, yes, but they've seen it all before, and they know how it should be done, and nobody can fool them. Never a jocose remark to a neighbor, never a lightening touch of horseplay, never a bit of friendly advice to a window-washer, never a sporting, "Well played, old man!" to an unusually adept safemover. They have before them the five wonders of Gotham, and, like jaded critics at a play that has been revived once too often, all they can give is a melancholy sneer. They watch a while, shrug and grimace, and pass on.

It is a disappointment to see some of the nation's greatest men, along with the casual bums, react so coldly to these entrancing sights.

One gentleman, known a few years ago as probably the most powerful and subtle of diplomats and political advisers, paused for eight minutes in front of a Sixth Avenue rotisserie one day last spring, but if the turning and dripping birds stirred him, his face didn't show it. He gave the chickens the same impassively cool stare that he used to have for recalcitrant prime ministers. Another man, known from one end of the country to the other as one of the greatest preachers of the age, passed twelve minutes pacing back and forth, puffing violently at a cigar, and watching men at work on a subway excavation. Finally he shook his head

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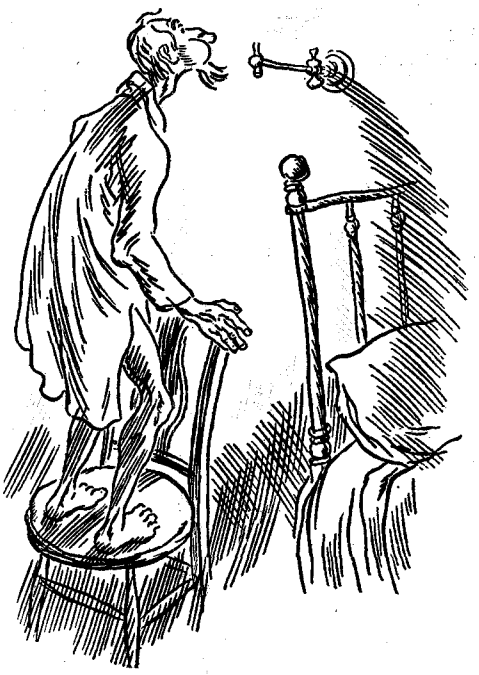
and walked off. It is possible that each of these men is a rube at heart, groping rather pathetically for the long-buried wellsprings of wonderment.

Research workers into the question of whether there is a chance to revive, by the transplanting of glands, grafting, or cross-breeding, the bewildered cackler with the rococo dental work and the floppy ears, and whether, if there is such a chance, the country would be any better off, have found themselves balked by lack of data and by the obtuseness or contrariness of the federal government itself.

True, a few bureaucrats have had flippant opinions, but the evidence they have had to offer is flimsy, indicating that they know less about the vanishing hick than they know of the reason for the cycles of grasshopper plagues. Mr. Hoover has had a Commission on Social Trends working for more than a year on the assignment, roughly, of finding out what is happening to this country. It probably will be years before the report is brought in, and even then it is doubtful if the commission will have paid enough attention to the transmogrification of the Great American Gawk. If statesmanship is brought to bear on the problem, taking it out of the hands of academicians and commissions of professors, it ought to be possible to have a boob unashamed on every corner by the time the next President takes office.



One would suppose that the Department of Agriculture would be useful in assessing the value of the hick, and suggesting methods for repopulating the nation with him, but their bulletins appear steadfastly to ignore the creature who used to be the bulwark of the rural sections and the delight of the cities. The men who write the documents believe, apparently, that about all the country needs is three cars in every two-car garage, a bankbook in every baby's crib, a radio for each cow at milking time, and an electric incubator for every hen house. They ignore the spiritual values and waste their prose in praise of gadgets which do violence to the fundamentals of the bucolic life. When the country was teeming with hicks, there was no cry of distress, no depression in farm prices to worry an administration. When the farmer began to get wise he began to starve, and to feel the gnawing of an unhappiness which is even worse than hunger.

Consider the Uncle Sam of our youth. He was definitely, undeniably, and without apology an unadorned hayseed, a stringy peasant, and the cartoonists depicted him accurately as a rather inept old fuddy-duddy, credulous and awkward but loaded to the gills with good intentions. Take away his suit of stars and stripes and give him the overalls, pitchfork, and the straw behind his ear and the Uncle Sam of those days would have been undistinguishable from the farmer who leaned across the fence and shook hands with Candidate Bryan, saying "You're good enough for me, Commoner."

What has happened to Uncle Sam? Well, for one thing, he has fattened up in the cartoons; the old waistcoat with the stars covering his lean belly has been traded for a gaudy thing with dollar marks which stretches stylishly across his paunch. The old waggling whiskers have been trimmed in the mode. There is a suggestion of jowls. The worst that could be said about the eyes of the old Uncle Sam was that they had in them a homely sort of guile; now there is more savvy and more avarice in the eyes of the national figure than one can find in the eyes of any international banker.

In his relations with his neighbors, he has given up the old friendly game of checkers and gone for cards at high table stakes. He is smug, with a trace of the ostentatious, and not the man he used to be. His neighbors, too, used to love him, though they laughed at him inordinately, and English novelists prodded him cruelly. Now he is hated and feared all over the world; the respect he gets is the fawning and groveling which is the reward of the pleasant

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small-town crapshooter who came to the big city and took the boys for their bankrolls and then broke the bank at Monte Carlo for good measure. He made good, but at what a price! Wouldn't it be better for the bloated old cynic to dive back into the magic pool of cartoonists' ink and come out again looking something like the hero we once knew, lean and ambitious, with corns on his hands, a playful light in his eyes, and his coat tails flapping in the breeze? There was a lad to love.

Can he come back? Adept spotters of social trends, ranging from Texas Guinan, sucker expert, to Stuart Chase, philosopher of the Machine Age, are gloomy. People appear to be growing wiser, if only in a superficial fashion, and regimentation goes on. One man's meat is another man's meat also. There is no more any part of America which can be called "the sticks." People laugh at the same jokes, hum the same tunes, discuss the same topics, and steadily become more and more nearly perfect citizens of that strange, synthetic republic in which no one will deviate from the norm. The hick was known as a man who regarded norms as something to deviate from. Once he is finally tied down and branded (and they are trying to do it), it will be tragic not only for him but for anyone who loves the more freakish and salty aspects of human behavior.

A constructive suggestion as to how to bring back the rube? Why, certainly. First, he should be treated with the same consideration and attention that now is the reward of the popular gunman or racketeer; that is, accord him the plaudits due a hero instead of making him feel uncomfortable by jeering at him and making snooty wisecracks about his lack of culture.

The aim, of course, would be to make the hick popular. The country should be flooded with Joe Miller's joke book. A new crop of gold bricks should be put on the market. A parade might be arranged for the first man to hide his shoes to keep a Pullman porter from stealing them on the pretext that he was going to shine them up. When a man arrives at a hotel with a straw suit-case and mistakes a bellhop for a city slicker who is about to rob him, don't laugh at him, but give him the keys to the city, arrange a municipal banquet, and talk the newspapers into giving respectable, even laudatory, notices. In six months, when the idea gets around that It's Smart to Be a Hick, this country will be as happy as it was when Cleveland was in the White House and Grandpa wasn't ashamed to chew cut plug.

Come home, baby, we miss you something awful.

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The New Elizabethans

What Are They Producing, Besides Noise?

by L. M. GRAVES

EVERY generation, as soon as the mother's milk is dry on its lips, proceeds to kick the preceding generation in the face. But the generation which has come on since the war has done this filial duty with particular relish and vindictiveness. Perhaps it is deserved — certainly so if the parents can be called responsible for things as they have been these past fifteen years (which is no doubt debatable); but when we are told that this "flaming youth" is building something newer and finer than we have known, it is to laugh — and weep.

Twenty-five and thirty years ago we, the effete parents of to-day, were seizing our own freedom and starting out to make over the universe. Our parents were narrow-minded folk (such as even we have become) who frowned on cards, dancing, and the theater. So we stole away to play cards, go to dances, and attend the theater — secretly, be it noted. When we came into our own a new era was introduced. We felt and believed a step in the world's evolution had been taken, that a new and free order was in the making under our guidance. And when we began to have children — not too many, to be sure — we brought them up in the new spirit of freedom: let them play cards and take dancing lessons, stay up past nine o'clock, and go frequently to the picture show.

Now they get drunk and stay out all night; both sexes use incredible language, and our daughters wear clothes on the street which no dancing girl would have dared to wear on the stage thirty years ago. This is the new freedom, of course. But will it lead to anything better — or essentially different — than our own pale-gilled freedom of a quarter-century back?

All modern history, tracing the temporal aspect from Petrarch and the religious from Martin Luther, has been a continual struggle against authority. This, according to one school of historical philosophy, is characteristic of the old age of a civilization. "Modernism," possibly, is nothing more than a phase of decay. At any rate it is strongly reminiscent of the decadent periods of Greece and Rome.

Let all that has gone before, all that has gained authority, be swept away. This is the spirit of modernism, the essence of revolt. Thus spake the restless generations of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries; thus has spoken every generation since. So there has been progress: whither?

The generations of the Renaissance and the Reformation kicked over established authority everywhere — in church, in state, in industry. Freedom was brought in: freedom of conscience — the Pope was no longer allowed to dictate what should be believed and how people should worship; freedom, political and economic — the despotism of feudal baron and ruthless prince, the paralyzing restrictions of the trade guilds, were abrogated; freedom of thought, of speech, of action — and a new literature, a new science, a new philosophy, governmental institutions, finance, industrial technique came into being.

Great are the achievements of liberty. Now our freedom is so complete that we not only believe what we will and worship as we please, but we believe nothing to speak of and worship not at all. We no longer do any thinking; have no comprehension of literature or philosophy, and no respect for our institutions. And then, our children have the effrontery to tell us that they are going to create a new and better world based on freedom from the authority of convention and tradition.

Nearly four hundred years ago, "in the spacious times of great Elizabeth," there arose in England a turbulent, roistering generation renowned alike for the grandeur of its achievements and the looseness of its morals. Its contempt for traditions and inhibitions was un-

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confined, its prowess epic. Overleaping the bounds of geographic isolation, it took the wide world as the footstool of its ambition. A new people was flowering. A new literature, a new commerce, an empire were builded. For a half-century the creative energy of a great culture flowed in human veins as it has seldom flowed. For two hundred years the impulses here set in motion lived on, reaching at last their fruition.

Now are our lounge lizard, Amazonian, and permanent-waved offspring starting another great era of constructive progress? Have we bred unwittingly a new generation of Elizabethans? Frankly, I believe not. We have, rather, but to look back to the days of Drake, Frobisher, Bacon, and Shakespeare to see what will not happen. Freedom from authority and ability to rebuild it are not synonymous. Authority is the vital force in a civilization. When that dies, life is gone. It is a natural evolution, though not one to be voluntarily hastened. Old religions, old customs, ancient forms, come always, in the later stages, to be questioned and repudiated. But the iconoclasts never create anything new to take their place.

The present-day irreverence toward religion, authority, and convention marks, not a new and virile era, but the decadence of the social forces. It is the spirit of freedom run to seed, the denial of all real meaning and validity in our civilization. The neglect of the church, the defiance of law, the growth of divorce and sexual irregularity are all marks, not of a new life of the individual, but of life's lack of meaning to the individual.

Our institutions used to have a meaning in terms of national life, a validity that carried authority. The Constitution and laws were sacred documents for which our fathers had laid down their lives. Marriage was a sacrament embodying more than a terminable contract between two individuals for their own purposes. Manners and conduct were regulated with regard for the ideals embodied in these institutions.

Long, of course, and gradually these things have been decaying. The public conscience has already accepted the wholesale violation of law in the shape of the prohibition act and Constitutional amendment. A lawyer recently corrected me when I remarked that, in the eyes of the law, maintenance of the population is the chief object of marriage. Sexual gratification, he told me, is now coming to be so recognized.

This decay of institutions, of morals and manners we are told is the new freedom. This decadence our ardent youth has (with the encouragement of divers persons who ought to know better) mistaken for a new dispensation. They imagine themselves, like the contemporaries of "great Elizabeth," to be building a new world. They think their insolence is the intrepid will power that blazes trails, their dissipation the turbulence of a spirit that brooks no mean restraints. And in this, as always happens, they are abetted by their grandparents and maiden aunts. Grandparents try to get even with their own children by building up their grandchildren against them; maiden aunts seek vicariously the adventure, which they must ever shun, in the persons of their brothers' and sisters' children.

Furthermore, and unfortunately, these grandparents and maiden aunts — especially maiden aunts — get into positions of responsibility where they can do much to spread the meretricious gospel of freedom. Some of our women's colleges, for instance, are hotbeds of the "new thought" under the open guidance of the faculty. Elderly spinsters, themselves ignorant and innocent as any six-year-old, eagerly lap up the twaddle about freedom from convention and deadening tradition. And, worse, they hand it on to their students. If a woman has a beautiful body, she ought not to hide it; of course girls smoke; and if they occasionally stay out pretty late or come back to the dormitory illuminated with other things besides rouge — why, naturally, that is to be regretted, but it is not entirely unexpected in this day and age. *C'est la vie!* They have poise, *savoir faire*, have these elderly spinsters. Boloney. A good family, a careful bringing-up behind the walls of a Fifth Avenue garden of the 1880's or upon the shaded lawns of a Jersey suburb, a position of eminent respectability and economic security — these constitute their experience of life. And having read that girls are now permitted to do things which were denied to themselves in their own youth, they look upon themselves as women of the world full of a wise and tolerant catholicity.

Latter-day youth and its ignorant counselors eagerly embrace feminism, that worthy daughter of modernism — without bothering to in-

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quire into her rather obscure paternity. Precisely what is meant by the Emancipation of Woman? Stripped of all verbiage and euphemisms, it means in plain English three things: freedom to earn and spend her own money, freedom from the obligation of having children, freedom to sleep with whom she chooses — and where and when. Marriage is placed on the same foundation as prostitution, and the manners and dress of the harlot come to rule in society. The decline of the population (at least, its "better" elements) is assured.

Perhaps most people do not stop to reflect upon these matters. But it is an obvious fact that when the red light district of old was banished — at the outraged insistence of the reformers and the feminists — the inmates did not disappear from the face of the earth, and they did not reform. They moved to Park Avenue and to other less exclusive residential districts, and mingled in society. The real significance of this "reform" was not the moral zeal behind it, but its implicit recognition that the prostitute was no longer a branded woman. The bars were down. You could no longer tell a "fallen" woman from an "honest" one — because the fundamental distinction had been suppressed by the ruling clique.

If marriage be taken — as it is taken by the dominant group in our population — to be merely a means of sex gratification, there is no basic reason for its perpetuation: it is obviously not necessary for the purpose. Easy divorce, trial marriage, and birth control are mere signs of the times. The sexual relation between men and women is now essentially the same in marriage and out. The object in either case is personal gratification, without offspring.

The *mores* have been altered — have reached a new stage in their evolution. The old idea of marriage as an inviolable obligation for the protection of the woman and her children has become (except to those outmoded persons who cannot banish the old forms and sentiments) slightly ludicrous, largely effete. Naturally the deportment of the prostitute fits the new situation. Naturally the dominating group of "progressive" women has adopted it — too often with the morals which it reflects. Naturally they refuse to have children — at least after the first experience. The race suicide which has attracted the attention of statesmen, scientists, and fanatics is a stigma of decay by no means peculiar to our own time and locale.

This is the slush on which the founders of the "woman movement" (albeit unawares) seek to erect their temple of freedom. This, along with gin guzzling, salacious literature, and plain thuggery, lies behind the spires and battlements of the promised land wherein our new Elizabethans seek empire. It is the path of dissolution along which they hasten, most of them earnestly and unwittingly, some of them viciously.

It is a path that, perhaps, is not to be avoided. But there is no use in hastening to seek it, or in unseemly conduct en route, or in tearing down the ancient, well-beloved landmarks at the entrance. The majority of the new generation (being, like ourselves after all, human beings) would, if told the true nature of their quest, attempt to slow down the pace — to save certain features of the old life, which is passing rapidly enough with or without their efforts. They would realize that the chief attempts of our day should be directed toward conserving, not toward tearing down.

Indeed, there is already evidence that youth has seen some glimmering of reality, thrown into high relief by the economic depression. Some of the old, heedless self-confidence seems wanting. There seems less indifference to the established customs and beliefs of civilized humanity. Is it possible that our Elizabethans are going to renounce their mission? But, no! Weakening and faltering there may be, but essentially it is the progress of youth pushing on to fulfill the destiny of the race, flaunting its (sometimes) pathetic insolence in the face of a blasé and tolerant world.

This is the first of a series of articles on the new generation and its relation to the old. Most of the articles which make up the series have been written by persons whose work has never before been published, and who write from their own experience and convictions. Wishing to continue the series as long as interest is evinced in it, and in the hope that he may obtain more articles as honest and authentic as those already in hand, the Editor invites any reader who wishes to unburden himself on any aspect of the problems of the younger generation to submit his discussion in the form of an article. All articles will receive careful consideration. They should not be longer than 2500 words, and will be paid for at our regular rates.

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A week away.. the soft thrill of tropic nights

Along the roadside, in gardens and hedges the hibiscus adds its color to this land of flowers and flowering trees

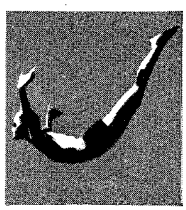
Dinner is over. You sink into a generous chair where the wide lanai looks across Waikiki... ready for the day's after-thrill . . . the soft beauty of the tropic night.

Diamond Head sticks down into the sea like a giant, nicked knife-blade cutting off the work-a-day world. Within, the magic of Hawaii's night. The crests of lazy rollers flash white to laugh at the stars. The cool, soft breeze whispers of oleanders, ginger blossoms. The tossing frond of coco palms.

Suddenly you feel the crowd about you. White linen suits. Dinner jackets. Sun-bronzed shoulders... evening dresses. The insinuating beat of the Hula... a brown daughter of Hawaii drifts into the rhythm of the night.

The strum of ukuleles dies. Lights dim to the moon. Your recent days drift past ...The driver in Kona who pulled to the side of the road to sing to the sunset. The lei of twenty dewy gardenias you bought for a half dollar before the dance. The days at sea, Hawaii-bound. Rice fields; water buffalo plowing. Speeding surf-boards. The sting of spray in the charging outrigger. Cruising to the islands, Kauai, Maui. Spouting Horn and Barking Sands. A day in a sampan trolling for tuna, and swordfish. Flame trees. The gracious friendliness. The fear that you will not remember that which you know you'll never forget. Hawaii...

HAWAII



Diving boys...and Honolulu harbor are synonyms to wide-world travelers

Flowers are strung like precious beads to make the colorful Hawaiian lei

Escape from winter. You find no more perfect climate anywhere. Winter is "Kapu" (taboo) in sunny Hawaii. Here are twenty golf courses. Luxurious hotels edge coral sands. Swaying palms shade delightful, moderate priced inns and gay apartments.

An Inexpensive Trip

A trip to Hawaii need not be expensive. A roundtrip from the Pacific Coast, including all expense afloat and ashore can be made for less than $350, some even lower than $300.

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These columns are open to brief letters commenting upon any article or subject that has appeared in The Forum. Because of space limitations, the Editor must reserve the right to publish letters only in part. An award of twenty dollars will be given each month to the correspondent who, in the opinion of the Editor, has contributed the best letter.

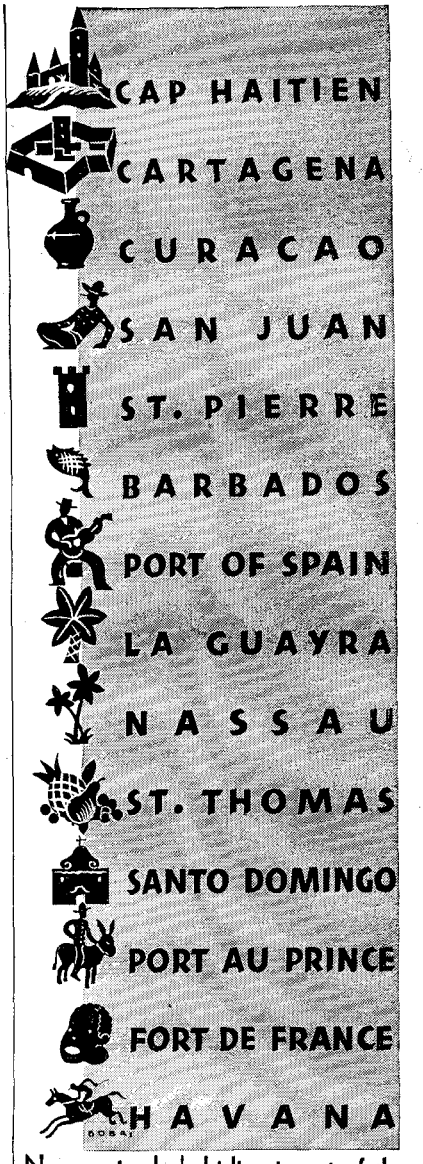
The Housing Conference

From December 2nd to 5th President Hoover's Conference on Home Building and Home Ownership will meet in Washington to discuss "the whole question of home construction and ownership and home environment" and, on the basis of preparation which has been going on for the past year, perhaps to offer some plan for relieving unemployment by stimulating the industries upon which building depends. To several members of the Conference the Editor submitted an advance proof of Walter Pitkin's article, "New Houses" (see page 343 of this issue). Their comments on this paper, which deals with an important phase of the Conference's program, follow:

Ray Lyman Wilbur, Secretary of the Interior and Joint Chairman of the Housing Conference: — "I find myself very much in sympathy with the points of view so vividly expressed by Mr. Pitkin. Certainly, viewed in the mass, our present housing scheme is behind the times, expensive, not in keeping with our information and experience, and even approaches the point where it will have a deleterious biological effect upon the race. Unless we can devise homes that can be made available to the great majority and that make it possible for a normal family to live in comfort and for children to grow up with home duties, pets, flowers, yards, and close to nature, we can readily foresee the atrophy of much of our civilization. Professor Pitkin's comment upon antiquated codes of housing and upon the inevitable attack from those who are in a position to profit by fighting any change, indicates the situation not only in housing but in many other things. A general scrapping of building codes, and elimination of the throttle-hold of some trades upon construction, would open the way to the new house so ably pictured by Mr. Pitkin. The struggle between the old and the new in housing is bound to be acute as we come out of the present depression and feel the full impulse for the new construction that is inevitable in order to meet the need of the new homes to be established. Too many of our existing homes meet only the requirements of a roof, a fire, and a bed. The home itself now must contain a whole series of services, and these must be simple and inexpensive. Professor Pitkin's plans are very suggestive of just what can take place. The sooner the American spirit of pushing ahead, of willingness to change, of scrapping the obsolete, starts to work in this field, the better it will be for the future children of America."

Gertrude B. Lane, Editor of The Woman's Home Companion: — "I found Mr. Pitkin's paper exciting and arresting. Like all revolutionary ideas, it is full of flaws to a conservative and practical person like myself, but undoubtedly Mr. Pitkin has considered these matters and does not deem them important enough to invalidate his idea. For instance, what would happen if this plan were put into effect and ten million people were taken out of the places in which they now live, unsatisfactory though these places may be, and installed in new homes? What would be the economic effect of abandoning present housing in so abrupt a manner? However, providing this hurdle could be jumped without too much difficulty, the idea of this wholesale model housing is most attractive, even though I must take issue with Mr. Pitkin on many of the details, particularly when he gets to the kitchen end of the house. I object also to too much built-in furniture. I think the idea of expanding and contracting the rooms is silly and that his ideas about refrigeration are not very well thought out. As for having all the kitchen and laundry equipment hidden behind doors, what is the point? Some of these ideas are not revolutionary at all, having been in effect in one form or another for several years; for instance, central heating provided for many houses from one plant. Mr. Pitkin's plan about the housewife stocking hot food enough to last for a week or even a month in her steam table fills me with horror. There are many things that Mr. Pitkin says that I dislike intensely, but I am quite willing to follow him about three-quarters of the way provided that he does not contemplate making America a nation of robots and crowding out beauty for the sake of efficiency."

Edward F. McGrady, Legislative Representative of the American Federation of Labor: — "People cannot be taken out of cities like sheep and leave those cities to commercial business only. And they will



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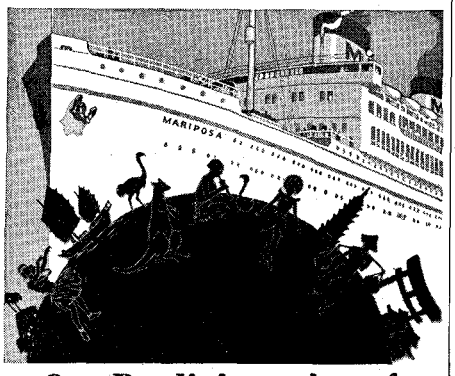

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Our Rostrum

not agree to live in a community where all houses are built alike. My advice to Mr. Pitkin is to throw away the crystal into which he gazes and go out among the working men and find out how little he knows about building. Some would think that he is promoting a scheme for some company. I doubt this, as I do not believe that any promoter would use a dollar to carry out Mr. Pitkin's dream."

French Strother, formerly Chairman of the President's Public Relations Committee: — "With Professor Pitkin's version of a more modern, more rational, more economical housing for more of the people, every person of good will must agree. With his prescription for its mechanical production I, for one, cannot quarrel — it seems reasonable and feasible. The only criticism is with his impatience with the men who build the component parts and those who finance the whole. More is involved than just their timidity or their lack of imagination. Some billions of other people's money, for example, invested in the housing that already exists. This investment cannot be repudiated; it must be taken over into the plans of the financing of the new. It is at this point that the analogy with the automobile business breaks down; the automobile manufacturers did not have this enormous burden to complicate their experiment with the new methods of financing. However, I believe the genius of America can and will contrive a way."

No Panacea

To the Editor:

Smedley Butler, with characteristic aplomb and assurance, has a solution for the crime problem ("Wipe Out the Gangsters!" October FORUM). Form an Anti-Crime Legion and — presto! gang killings cease and racketeering becomes an obsolete profession. A very pretty picture — crime eradicated by simple, direct methods. Almost too simple, one suspects.

Butler's logic — that if our present police system is inefficient and subject to bribery, graft, and corruption, 20,000 more officers will not be — is curious. Are these men by some mysterious Butlerian alchemy to be suddenly transformed into paragons of virtue, immune to provocative gangster greenbacks? But, says Mr. Butler, we will have men of integrity, with "guts," to lead them. If we can find such leaders, why not use them in our present system and divorce that system from dishonest politics? Others say that the causes of crime are found in our unstable economic system, our penchant to make too many laws and obey too few, and of course as a very prominent factor, the prohibition fiasco. To these speculations Mr. Butler has nothing to offer. Yet I would be willing to wager a Chinese yen against Mr. Butler's brass buttons that

•

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if local option and state control replaced the present federal regulations regarding liquor, crime would begin to decrease at a very appreciable rate. No Utopia would ensue, but crime would cease to be the attractive and lucrative field of endeavor which it is now.

It seems to me that the money which would be spent on Mr. Butler's rather glamorous proposal could be better expended to correct the evils of our present police system. And without the disadvantage of having a body of 20,000 legionnaires on our hands who might in time find power so intriguing that we'd suddenly find ourselves in the midst of another "racket" more menacing than the ones from which we attempted to free ourselves.

E. E. HAMMILL

Boston, Mass.

[EDITOR'S NOTE:—*The Forum's monthly prize of twenty dollars has been awarded to Mr. Hammill for his spirited letter opposing General Butler's plan.*]

Pseudo-Science

To the Editor:

I should like to point out the utter absurdity of the fanciful and pseudo-scientific yarn in your October issue, "The Morning After," by Paul D. Gesner.

One cubic foot of air weighs eight one-hundredths of one pound. Weight of the poison gases referred to in Mr. Gesner's story I do not have available, but they are supposed to have very promptly displaced the air, so we can safely assume a weight of twelve one-hundredths pounds. Therefore about two and one-half tons of gas would be required to blanket one acre one foot deep. The area of Greater New York with a very little "immediate environs" is 210,000 acres. So 42,000,000 *tons* of gas, without drifting or waste, would be required to blanket the city to the depth of eighty feet, which is equivalent to a seven-story building.

Each of the three super airplane carriers must have brought across the Atlantic not only itself and its 200 super planes but fourteen million tons of poison gas plus containers. Some ships!

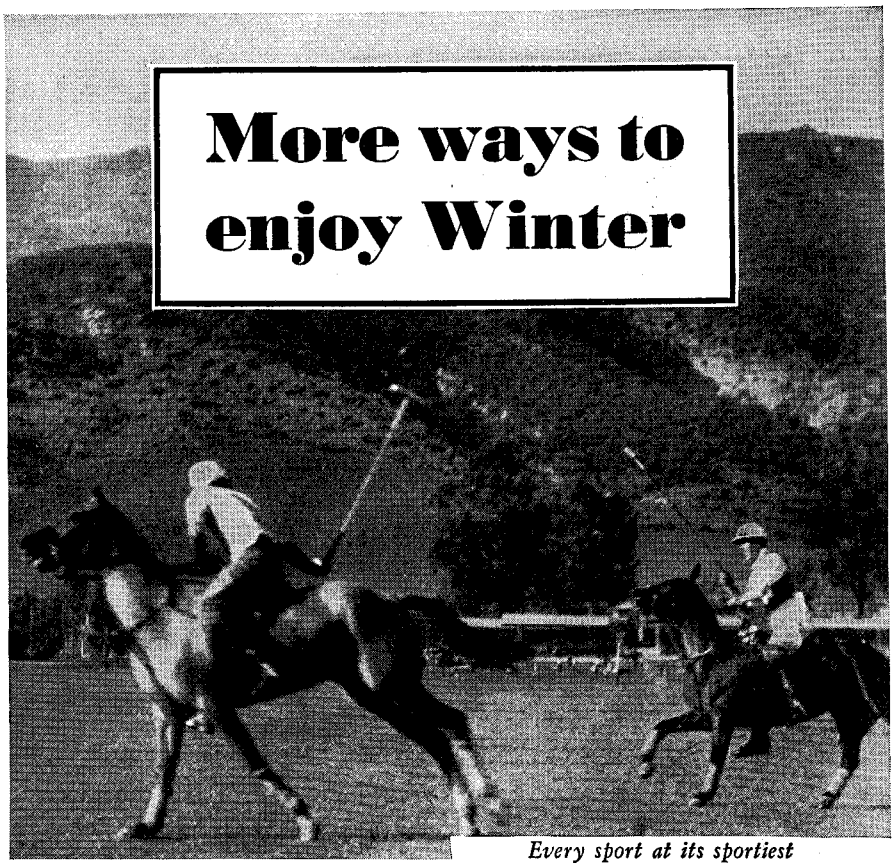
And *each* single airplane in its speedy dash to wipe out the population of our largest city in a mere nine minutes must have carried 70,000 *tons*, plus containers. Some super aircraft!

TERRELL BARTLETT, *Engineer*
San Antonio, Texas

Please — Mr. Gesner!

To the Editor:

You might inform Mr. Paul D. Gesner, author of "The Morning After," that diphenyl chloroarsine is a toxic smoke, and not a gas. It irritates the membrane of the nose, throat, and lungs, causes



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sneezing, coughing, and vomiting, and general prostration, but it seldom if ever causes death. The statements in the story that "lungs were burned away" and about the "most deadly fumes yet used in warfare" are utterly ridiculous.

Another point which should be instantly noticed by anyone with a real knowledge of the subject is the time element. For instance, the attack was made at 2:50 P. M. on August 12, and the reporters who landed in Central Park at 7:28 the next morning find the "air still heavy with gas." Now even with a four-mile wind, a released gas cloud will travel about 352 feet a minute, and it does not require much figuring to show that by the following morning gas of any type (except a vesicant) would have been not only miles away but dissipated.

JOSEPH E. TUFTS, *Captain, 305, Chem. Reg.*
Maplewood, Mass.

Negroes and the Supreme Court

To the Editor:

Mr. Joseph Percival Pollard's interesting article in your October number ("Our Supreme Court Goes Liberal") makes an omission of such importance that I am sure you and he would wish to have the record set straight. He attributes the present liberal constitution of the United States Supreme Court to two main causes: one, the genius of two of its justices, Holmes and Brandeis; the other, the Senate storm over Supreme Court appointments in 1930, culminating in the rejection of the nomination of Judge John J. Parker of North Carolina. The rejection of Parker, Mr. Pollard says, was mainly due to his upholding the "yellow dog" contract. No mention is made in Mr. Pollard's article of an issue which, by universal consent, really focused the issue and brought about Parker's rejection by the Senate.

That issue was Parker's attitude on the civil rights of Negroes, as exemplified in a public speech he made in 1920, in which he virtually advocated depriving colored citizens in the South of the right to vote. It was the Negro voters of this country, led by the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, who carried that issue to the Senate, and there are hundreds of editorials and news utterances which testify to the fact that it was the Negroes whose power brought about Parker's rejection and helped to make the present United States Supreme Court a liberal one.

The fact is, of course, that a liberal United States Supreme Court is probably more important for the Negro than for any other single group. That tribunal has been the final bulwark of the Negro's civil liberties. Since 1917, when the Grandfather case was decided, five decisions of

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Our Rostrum

major importance, confirming the Negro's citizenship rights, have been had from the Supreme Court in cases taken to it by the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. Additional cases of life and death importance to the Negro in America, involving jim-crowism on railways, school discrimination, residential segregation by property owners' covenants, and other issues of civil rights, must come before the Supreme Court in the next few years.

HERBERT J. SELIGMANN, *Publicity Director, National Association for the Advancement of Colored People*
New York, N. Y.

The Catholic Church and Tammany

To the Editor:

In your August issue was an article called "Tammany's Grab-Bag" by Ralph E. Renaud in which it was stated that Tammany is "predominantly Catholic." This is true and has been for many years.

And in the October number is Mr. Shuster's paper on "Communism or the Catholic Church." He asserts that "what there is left of moral authority in the traditional social order of the Western world speaks through Pope Pius and no one else." Farther on he says, "It is either a case of listening to the Pope or of listening to nobody."

When the Roman Catholic Church permits, and has permitted for a long time, its members to conduct such an organization as Tammany, I cannot conceive how, on economic questions, the Pope can be wise, or earnest, or authoritative.

S. A. SAUNDERS
Cambridge, Mass.

Chinese Justice

To the Editor:

James Truslow Adams' "The Responsibility of Bankers" (August FORUM) is an intelligent account of the unreliability of many bankers in this country. But he neglected to suggest the remedy.

There is but one remedy, and it has proved effective. When I was a bank cashier it was said that there hadn't been a bank failure in China for one hundred years wherein depositors had failed to obtain the full amount of their deposits. China had discovered and, more important, had imposed the remedy — beheading of the bank managers in every instance of failure. No excuses permitted.

Now that was justice. The management knows when the aggregate of its losses has absorbed the bank's capital; and if it has the dishonesty to gamble on the future at the sole risk of the depositors, the executive should pay the reasonable penalty — loss of his head.

W. H. REED
Tacoma, Wash.

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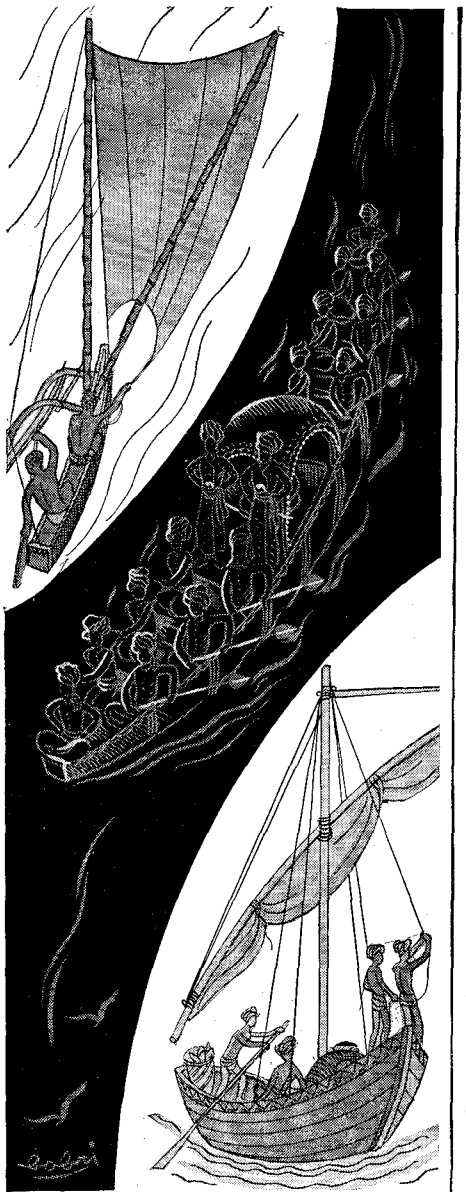

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Seven Blunders of the World

The Winning Paper in The Forum's Prize Contest

by **WILLIAM B. TOLLEN**

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

In the September Forum Hendrik Willem van Loon listed what he considered the seven most serious blunders of history, defining a blunder as "a gross and avoidable mistake which brings irreparable disaster upon the perpetrator thereof." Realizing that the list was far from exhaustive, the Editor offered a prize of $300 to anyone submitting the best collection of seven equally grievous blunders, none of them to have been mentioned by Mr. van Loon. In the Editor's opinion, Mr. Tollen, whose paper follows below, merits the award. Other contestants receiving honorable mention were: Rabbi Joseph Utschen, St. Paul, Minn.; John P. Bruton, Memphis, Tenn.; and Mrs. Carlton C. Procter, Williamsville, N. Y.

As a matter of comparison Mr. van Loon's catalogue of epic errors is reprinted here, and with it those seven blunders most frequently mentioned by contestants.

Mr. van Loon's seven blunders:

1. Allowing through carelessness the murder of Lincoln at the moment when he could least be spared;
2. The refusal of the Allies to make peace with Germany before Russia had gone over to Bolshevism;
3. The destruction of Jerusalem by Titus, 70 A.D., forcing the Jews into exile all over the world and helping thereby the dissemination of that Christianity which eventually was to destroy Rome;
4. The refusal of the Jews to make common cause with Mohammed, thereby throwing away their last chance to make Judaism a world-wide religion;
5. The indifference of the other Christian nations to the fate of Byzantium, thereby allowing the Turk to get a foothold in Europe;
6. The unwillingness of the Church to placate Luther or bring about a compromise with him, causing the Reformation;
7. The error of our grandfathers who taught the natives in their colonies to think for themselves, with the immediate result that the white man is being kicked out of the prosperous colonies which he once exploited.

Forum readers' favorite seven blunders:

1. The murder of the Archduke Ferdinand, Germany's violation of Belgian neutrality, Germany's submarine warfare, the Treaty of Versailles — in short, the World War, 1914–1919. (180 votes.)
2. The introduction of Negro slaves into North America by the Dutch in 1620. (107 votes.)
3. The Crucifixion of Jesus at the instigation of the Jews, 30 A.D., and the consequent persecution of the Jews through history. (104 votes.)
4. The exploitation of the American Colonies by George III, leading to England's loss of a rich country. (103 votes.)
5. The Eighteenth Amendment, 1919. (74 votes.)
6. Napoleon's disastrous campaign in Russia, 1812. (57 votes.)
7. The United States' failure to join the League of Nations, 1920. (50 votes.)

The Prize List of Blunders

Blunder Number One. — *The Unification of religious creeds at the Council of Nicæa, 325.* The result of this Council and Constantine the Great's connections with the Church as an institution was the definite end of Christianity as preached by Jesus of Nazareth. The intimate and personal religion of Christianity as embodied in the purely prophetic utterances of Jesus was converted by the Council of Nicæa into a dogmatized ritualism. Christianity might have become the great religious creed of humanity, for essentially there is no distinction between the teachings of Jesus, Mohammed, and Buddha; but the blunder of Nicæa prevented this. So long as Christianity remained a personal religion, as with the earliest Christians, it might have satisfied men's minds and hearts. But when it became a merely institutional body it lost its greatest effectiveness. The Council of Nicæa was the beginning of, and symbolizes the ritualization of, religion. Thus today we do not have a true Christian religion, in the sense that Jesus' preaching was a religion: we have only creeds, rituals, and dogmas. With the Council of Nicæa and its enforced unanimity of religious beliefs, the practice of Christianity ceased. And it has not yet been resumed.

Blunder Number Two. — *Justinian's closing the Greek schools at Athens, 529.* As a result of this act the progress of learning was retarded for several centuries. For nearly a thousand years the Athenian schools had been the cultural centers of Europe. In Justinian's time they represented all that was left of the cultural greatness of Greece. The Dark Ages might not have been so dark had these schools been allowed to flourish. For it was not until the Renaissance, despite the affectionate excuses advanced for the Dark Ages by modern medievalists, that the cultural thread was again taken up at the

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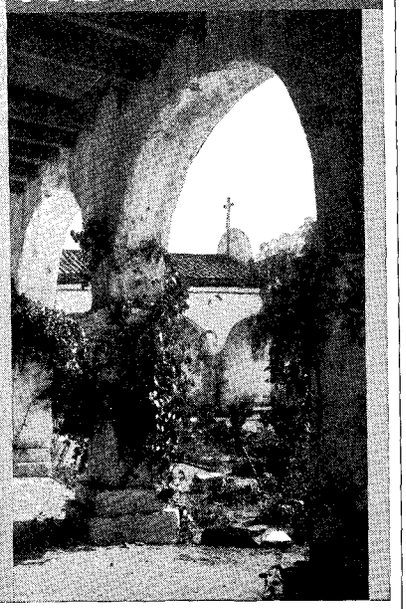

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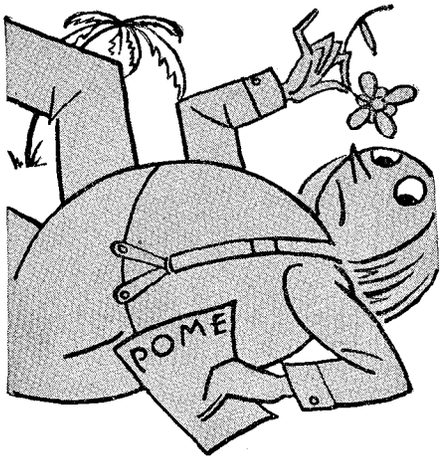
Blunders

point left off by the Greek scholars of Justinian's time. No impartial scholar who is acquainted with the intellectual and artistic achievements of the ancient civilizations and those of the historically modern period can deny the existence of a profound gap between them. But for this blunder, human knowledge might now have been centuries advanced.

BLUNDER NUMBER THREE. — *The humiliation of Galileo by the Church of Rome, 1616.* With this move began the definite antagonism between science and religion which has lasted till the present day. The Church's attitude was cowardly and expressive of intellectual laziness in failing to harmonize scientific discoveries with religious doctrines. Galileo had espoused the Copernican astronomy, which in the eyes of the Church reduced the earth, human beings, and especially the Pope to an inferior position. Galileo was threatened with punishment and was forced to express a repudiation of his views. Thence onward, scientific men labored somewhat in secret, expressing their beliefs always with a view toward placating the Church. It was not long before such a state of affairs resulted in an open hostility between science and religion. The fact that our age, almost supreme in science, is bankrupt in religious and ethical ideals, despite the verbal ambiguities of Millikan and Eddington, is a result of this hostility. Antagonism has been made a conditioned reflex between these two. Had the Church been intellectually honest and less fearful of losing its hold over the masses, it might have had a powerful ally in science, and ethical development might have been paramount to the development of creeds.

BLUNDER NUMBER FOUR. — *The accomplishments of the Congress of Vienna, 1815.* There was never a collection of more selfish egotists, of more incapable statesmen, of more stupid diplomatists than was called upon to settle matters of such universal importance. As an attempt to solve the problems of a devastated Europe, as an effort toward creating a truly civilized Europe, it was the most hopeless of blunders. Had the proper foundations been laid at that time, and had there been even a semblance of an appeal to humanitarian considerations, one hundred and fifteen years of effort might have produced a civilization that would not belie the true meaning of the word "civilized." In 1815 the stage was merely being set for future quarrels and wars. Had the Congress of Vienna been an attempt to reconstruct Europe instead of a distribution by scavengers of their carrion, the Franco-Prussian and the World Wars might have been avoided. Here was a golden opportunity gone to sheer waste because of vanity, stupidity, and selfishness. It would almost have been better had Napoleon conquered all of Europe and made of it one nation.



Dear Jim:

This isn't Mrs. Bob. It's me under a Costa Rican palm! I'm turning into a long-haired poet down here in this Crusoe country. Never saw such colors. Imagine a whole jungle of orchids! That's just about what we had out of Limon on the way up. Most beautiful mountain ride I ever saw. Feeling fine. Marvelous climate here in San Jose. And this new Gran Hotel is something to write about - it's no wonder that Costa Rica's proud of it.

Drop a line to the United Fruit Company - I forget the address*- and get the dope on their cruises to the Caribbean and West Indies. Do it before you get any older.

Bob

(*How could he? It's Pier 3, North River, Dept. C, New York, N. Y.)

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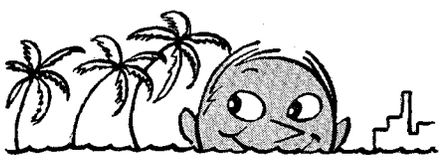
N. B. Of course he raved. Bob was one of the happy fortunates on that de luxe Costa Rica Cruise. Stops at Miami; Havana; Port Antonio, and Kingston, Jamaica; Panama Canal Zone; and Costa Rica. $225. and up.



Anchors Aweigh! The S. S. Talamanca, first of our six new ships, will make her maiden trip from New York to San Francisco late in December. Stops at Miami, Havana, Kingston, Panama Canal, and Los Angeles. Write for details.

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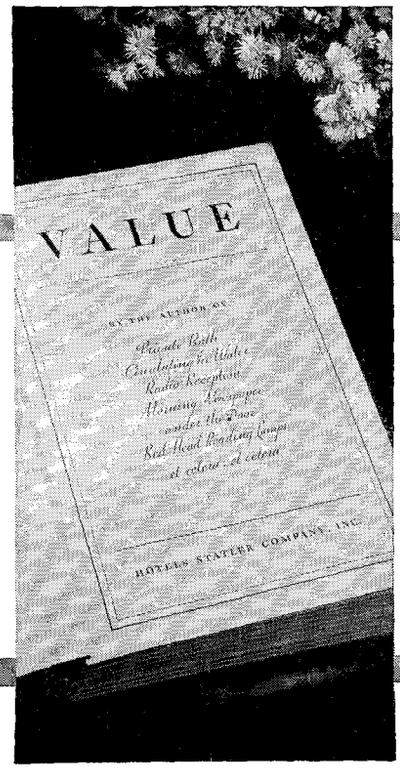

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WHATEVER sales argument other hotels may advance, we'll stick to the only one we've ever known — the story of *Value* — the story of giving travelers *more for their money.*

During the last year we have told our story of *Value* in serial form in these pages. There was an advertisement about our luxurious Statler beds under the headline, "Sink down, down, down into sleep." And one about our baths entitled, "There really should be rainbows in these showers." Then there was another about the newspaper we place under every guest room door in the morning. It bore the caption, "Extra! Extra! Extra!"

Perhaps in that latter caption you recognize the little play on words we permitted ourselves . . ."Extra! Extra! Extra!" For these features are *extra values* — like all the conveniences which you get with *every* Statler room: Radio Reception; Hair Mattress with Inner-Springs; Every Bathroom with Shower; Circulating Ice Water; Bed-head Reading Lamp; Full-length Mirror; Morning Newspaper under the Door.

From this inventory (incomplete as it is) you get an idea of what we mean by *value.* And if you are like thousands of your fellow travelers, you will sum up these Statler values and decide that, in total, they present the *greatest hotel bargain* to be had.

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Blunders

BLUNDER NUMBER FIVE. — *The Peace of Versailles, 1919.* The present state of Germany, and of Europe in general, is sufficient evidence for calling the Peace of Versailles a grave blunder. It is not necessary to be pompous with pro-German pride to see that Germany is an integral link in the chain called Europe and that the weakness of one link will weaken the entire chain. That several generations of unborn Germans should be made to shoulder the burdens for the mistakes, not only of aggressive pre-war Germany, but of an avaricious Europe in general, is justice difficult of comprehension. It was time the statesmen at Versailles learned their lesson from history and attempted a reconstruction of Europe rationally. Not technicians well-versed in the art of statecraft and government, but politicians seeking revenge, weak-minded dreamers seeking to express their egos, and polite diplomatists gracefully seeking spoils — these framed the Versailles Treaty. Here is a blunder that will reëcho for many years to come. For Europe to-day is like a sore that has had a plaster stuck over it; the sore, however, continues to fester.

BLUNDER NUMBER SIX. — *The United States' refusal to enter the League of Nations, 1920.* In this the League was deprived of its greatest moral support. When the nation whose statesmen had practically conceived and fostered this union of all nations then refused even membership, the scheme lost much of its effectiveness. The United States is just beginning to learn the pathetic lesson that it can no longer stand off from the world as if it were a nation whose problems and interests were in a class apart from the rest of humanity. Over ten years of possible effort, toward a goal from which only fanatics can turn, have been lost by this stupidest of all modern blunders.

BLUNDER NUMBER SEVEN. — *The failure of the United States to recognize Soviet Russia.* This is a costly blunder. It is to some extent responsible for the present depression in our own country. Russia's campaign of dumping raw materials into this country at prices below the cost of producing them here, thus helping to undermine our industrial structure, could never have progressed as it has, were Russia afraid of gaining our hatred. Since we refuse to recognize her and since we have no direct method of dealing with her, Russia can be indifferent to the calamity she has actually aided in producing here. With an American ambassador in Leningrad, Russia could not treat us so boldly and so carelessly. The United States has unconsciously been aiding Russia's attempts at the destruction of the prevailing economic order. If we turn our backs to the serpent, it is easier for him to strangle us; but if we meet him openly, he will be more cautious in his movements.

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From time to time the Circulation Department acquires miscellaneous bound volumes of The FORUM for the convenience of subscribers who wish to complete their back copy files. There are on hand at the present time 41 odd volumes for the years 1892–1909.

A file of the Century Magazine, for the years 1883–1912, inclusive, is also available.

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TRAVEL NEWS

CHRISTMAS ABROAD

CHRISTMAS excursions to Germany and Ireland have again been arranged by the Hamburg-American Line. The motorship *St. Louis* will sail from New York on December ninth for Ireland, and will call at Boston the following day to pick up passengers from New England. Stops will be made at Galway, Cobh, and Cherbourg for the convenience of Christmas vacationists. The *St. Louis* is scheduled to arrive at Hamburg on December twentieth. The *Deutschland*, bound for Hamburg by way of Cherbourg and Southampton, will sail from New York on December tenth. Special entertainment will be furnished aboard both ships. The *Stavangerfjord* of the Norwegian-American Line is scheduled to leave New York on December eighth for Norway. It will sail directly to Bergen, where connections can be made for Trondheim and Oslo. For those who enjoy winter sports and winter scenery the Christmas season in Norway is ideal. The Cunard Line has also planned three Christmas excursions, each sailing from New York. The *Aquitania* will leave for Scandinavia and Finland on December fourth; the *Laconia*, bound for Ireland, on December eleventh; and the *Berengaria*, for Italy, on the same day.

IMPROVEMENTS IN SKYE

THE ISLE of Skye, long famous for its terriers and its ideal weather in summer-time, now promises other attractions. Roads everywhere are being repaved and extended; hotels report the addition of numerous rooms with modern improvements; new tennis courts have been constructed; and the steamer connections with the mainland are better than before.

TRIPS TO SOUTH AMERICA

EVERY SATURDAY one of the famous "Santa" liners of the Grace Line leaves New York for South America. These ships sail through the Panama Canal to the delightful ports of Buenaventura, Guayaquil, Talara, and Salaverry, calling at Cristobal and Balboa enroute. At the next stop, Callao, ample time is allowed for passengers to make a special trip to Lima, the capital of Peru. From Callao the "Santa" liners proceed to Pisco, Mollendo, Arica, Tocopilla, Antofagasta, and Chanaral, thence to Valparaiso. Inland from Valparaiso lies Santiago, the capital of Chile. After visiting points of interest in Santiago, passengers may return to Valparaiso for the homeward voyage up the west coast, or entrain for a trip on the Trans-Andean Railway to Buenos Aires on the Atlantic coast. At Buenos Aires connections can be made with ships sailing to New York.

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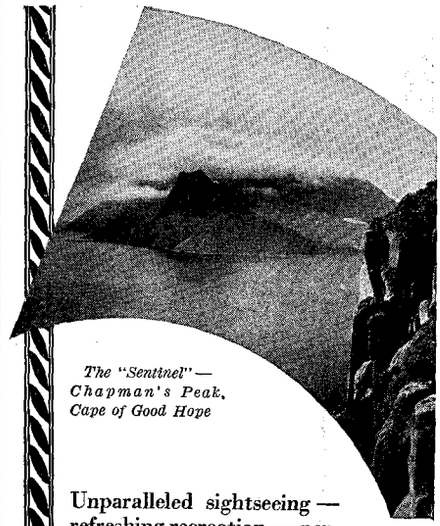

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A scene in Durban

5-1982

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See our Investment Literature column for financial booklets.

FINANCIAL SERVICE

Mr. Donald Rea Hanson, Editor of *"Downtown,"* will be glad to give *Forum* readers his opinion regarding matters of investment. No advice regarding speculative operations will be given. Postage for reply should be enclosed.

Address
EDITOR "DOWNTOWN"

DOWNTOWN

Constructive Measures

by DONALD REA HANSON

EXTREME deflation for the past two years has served to expose many of the basic weak spots in the old order of business and finance, and has shed light upon some of the remedies that must be applied to prevent a repetition of the disaster which has spared no nation, and the effects of which have been felt in one way or another by nearly every person in the civilized world. The first two years of that process were marked with a singular paucity of constructive achievement, apart from President Hoover's proposal of a one year moratorium on inter-allied debts. Toward the close of that two-year period the view was held that the depression would burn itself out. But this smug complacency was shattered when England suspended gold payments on the first day of autumn, and unreasoning fear took its place. Then, in the crisis, the laissez-faire policy was abandoned. Real, constructive leadership was called for and it was supplied.

The problem that American leaders faced early in October was that of checking the devastating effect upon business and finance caused by plain, unvarnished fear. No other word can describe the chaotic condition that existed. Bonds backed by the pledge of some of the strongest nations in the world were offered by frightened owners at prices 50 to 70 per cent of par. Some of the weaker nations, particularly in South America, were forced by circumstances to default upon their obligations, and bonds of such nations were quoted at less than ten cents on the dollar in some instances. Securities of representative American corporations were thrown upon the market without regard for value, and stocks were depressed to levels that can only be described as ridiculous. If the crash of late 1929 was a panic of speculators, the slump in 1931 must be described as a panic of investors. Confidence in the banking situation as a whole was at low ebb, and it is a disgrace to the American public to record that at one time money was withdrawn from the banks to the tune of $900,000,000, and hoarded.

Confidence is intangible. When it exists, American business men have been able to build up the most prosperous conditions the world has ever seen, creating new wants and filling them and adding infinitely to the sum total of enjoyable goods. But when confidence is lacking, business reverts to the law of the jungle and to the individual it means unemployment, priva-

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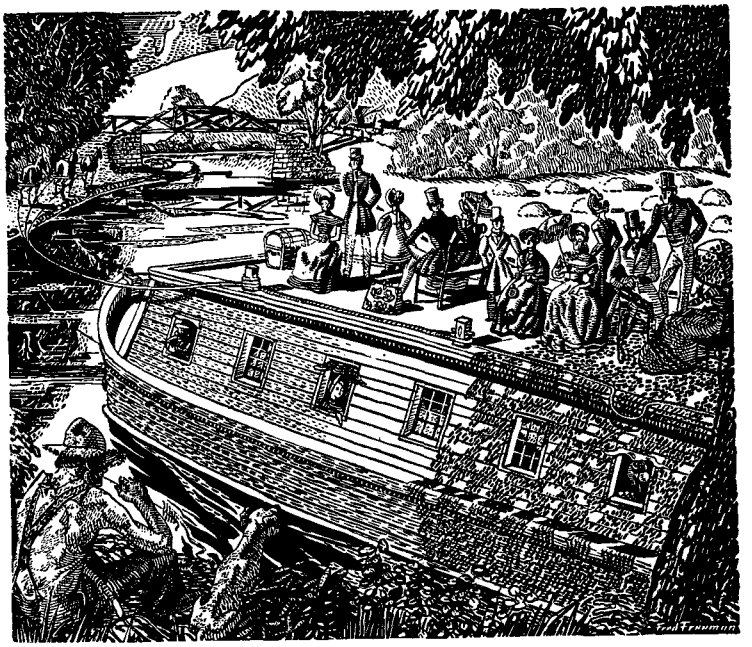
tion, and destitution. Restoration of confidence, then, was the task to which President Hoover set his hand in October of this year, and the degree of success attending this action will doubtless be apparent by the time these lines reach the reader.

BANKING REFORM

CONSTRUCTIVE efforts needed now fall into two main classifications: first, to check recurrent waves of fear; second, to remove some of the weak spots in our economic order with a view to permitting ultimate recovery. Since liquidation in the security markets was the greatest factor contributing to fear, the first remedy proposed was to deal with the frozen asset problem. The President proposed the formation of a billion dollar credit corporation which would permit banks to obtain financial assistance without recourse to sale of securities at a loss. The decline in railroad bonds was a particularly aggravating factor, and special study of this problem was proposed. The problem of removing weak spots in the existing order called for settlement of the inter-allied debt question. Many authorities are convinced that recovery of business activity in this country requires final disposition of this troublesome problem. Moreover, the question of a modification of the Federal Reserve Act is raised.

The latter problem concerns us most at this time. Since the Federal Reserve Act was written, radical changes in the relationship between business and the banks have occurred. Outstanding in this respect was the tendency for American corporations to place themselves in a strong financial position during the past decade by selling stocks or bonds to the public, instead of relying upon banking accommodation of a more or less seasonal character. This was one of the lessons learned by experience in the 1921 depression. The United States emerged from the war a nation of investors. Accumulated savings were plowed back into securities, providing corporations with a ready market for their issues. Banks found a greater demand for loans upon securities as collateral, a smaller demand for business loans, and turned more and more to direct investments on their own account in the bond market. When the Federal Reserve Act was drawn up as a resource for banks in emergencies, the reserve banks were not permitted to lend upon securities as collateral, with the sole exception of Government bonds. Resources of the system were to be available purely for industrial, commercial, and agricultural credit, rather than financial. The relative shrinkage in this form of business borrowing resulted in a situation in which a large proportion of banking assets were not subject to rediscount privileges at the Federal



BEFORE THE RAILROADS CAME

Soon after the Erie Canal was opened in 1825, work was started on the Morris Canal in New Jersey. ¶ This canal, connecting Easton on the Delaware with Jersey City on the Hudson, was, at one time, the great coal route to New York from the Pennsylvania anthracite fields. And, before the railroads came, it offered a convenient and comfortable mode of travel. ¶ In 1827, and again in 1829, the Bank of New York loaned money to the Morris Canal and Banking Company towards the construction of this inland waterway.

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UNITED HOTELS

Downtown

Reserve banks. Now the question is: Shall the rediscount privileges of the reserve system be broadened to meet this change in conditions?

Most foreign central banks are permitted to lend upon the security of high grade collateral, a point which may not influence many members of Congress, who are indisposed to open the doors of the reserve banks to Wall Street for credit, but which now demonstrates the precedent. So far as productive use of Federal Reserve credit is called for, it would appear that good municipal loans, railroad bonds, or other high grade public utility and industrial issues are as productive as a loan to a farmer or merchant or small manufacturer. So far as security is concerned, a loan by the Federal Reserve to a bank which, in turn, holds the note of an individual borrower, pledged by this collateral, would seem amply secured at three distinct original borrowing points. Had banks been permitted to rediscount such obligations this year, it is possible that much of the forced selling of bonds on the New York Stock Exchange might have been obviated, and a great deal of the panicky selling in the markets of May to September avoided.

CONTROLLING CREDIT

ANY MOVEMENT toward banking reform in this country would be incomplete without consideration of the matter of centralizing the control of credit in this country. Three years ago the Federal Reserve Board and responsible bankers were viewing with deep concern the tendency for corporations and individuals to lend directly upon stock exchange securities as collateral. As money rates rose in 1929, this attracted more and more money, which was logical enough. Those people with surplus funds who were not attracted by stocks, then selling to yield 3 per cent, preferred to lend to brokers on stocks as collateral, at rates up to 10 per cent. About five billion dollars was borrowed by Wall Street direct from non-banking sources, while bankers stood helplessly by, knowing that when trouble came this money would be withdrawn quickly and that banks would be required to make up the advances to these borrowers in order to save a general collapse, for which they were in no way responsible. This was exactly what happened in the panic. Banking ought to be a function for banks, not for individuals and corporations. Had the Federal Reserve banks and the large New York banks been in a position to check such advances the situation would have been under complete control in 1929. As it was they were limited to issuing warnings, which were unheeded; the higher money went, the more money was attracted to Wall Street, and finally the whole bubble blew up with a bang.

Investment Literature

We present to our readers the following list of booklets issued by reputable financial houses with the belief that they may be helpful in the solution of investment problems. Copies of these booklets will be furnished free upon request.

A CHAIN OF SERVICE. A booklet describing and illustrating the history and development of the Associated Gas and Electric System. Copy upon request. Associated Gas & Electric Company, 61 Broadway, New York City.

THE LIFE INSURANCE TRUST. An outline of the program to be followed in arranging for the administration of your estate, with particular reference to insurance trusts and the benefits to be derived from such a plan. Bank of New York and Trust Company, 48 Wall Street, New York City.

PRODUCTS OF GENERAL FOODS. A description of the widespread variety of products manufactured and sold by the General Foods Corporation and the history of the various companies combined in this group. Booklet upon request. General Foods Corporation, 250 Park Ave., New York City.

THE CARE OF YOUR SECURITIES. A booklet describing the advantages and small cost of a Custody Service Account and outlining the numerous services offered security holders, such as review of investment holdings, collecting coupons, notification of maturities, etc. Guaranty Trust Company, 140 Broadway, New York City.

HOW TO JUDGE MUNICIPAL BONDS. The factors which make municipal bonds attractive and the points which should be considered in selecting them are analyzed in this pamphlet. Halsey, Stuart & Co., 201 So. La Salle Street, Chicago, Ill.

THE JOHN HANCOCK HOME BUDGET. A guide in home budgeting, showing the proper apportionment of income to fit average needs: the amount to be allowed for rent, clothes, insurance, and other savings. Budget sheet sent upon request by Inquiry Bureau, The John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Co., 197 Clarendon Street, Boston, Mass. Please enclose 2c for postage.

SEE HOW EASY IT IS. How to act as your own insurance agent and save money by dealing directly with the company. Description of special full life policy. Folder upon request. Postal Life Insurance Co., 511 Fifth Ave., New York City.

These booklets may be obtained by addressing the firms listed or

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